# THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

BAKER

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# TWENTIETH CENTURY TEXT-BOOKS

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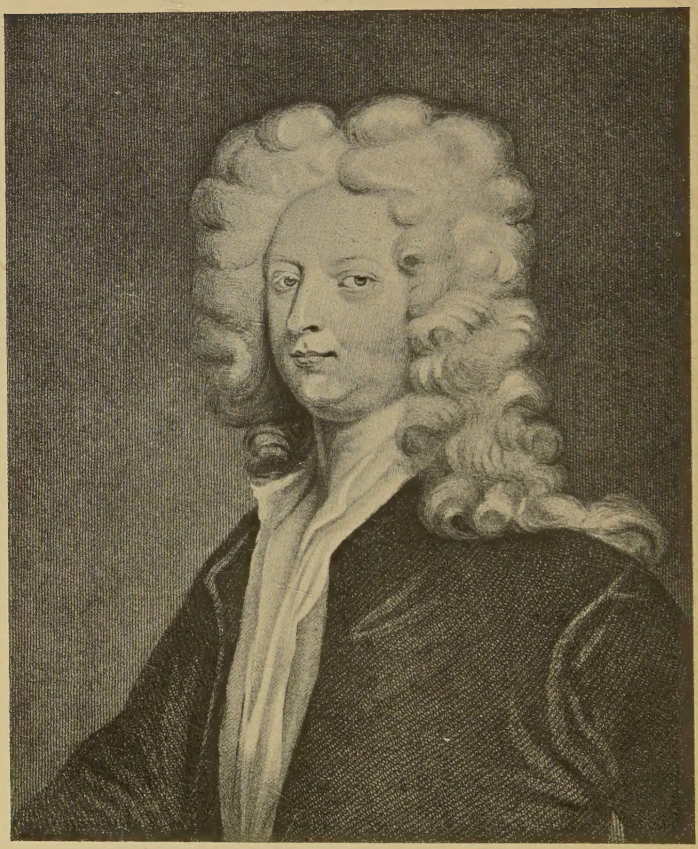

JOSEPH ADDISON

TWENTIETH CENTURY TEXT-BOOKS

# THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

## FROM THE SPECTATOR

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# PREFACE

THE present edition contains all those numbers of *The Spectator* in which Sir Roger de Coverley is prominent, except the one by Tickell, which gave displeasure to the creators of the good old Knight by its violation of the character.

It contains also a number of others which, by reason of the Spectator's close association with Sir Roger, have come to be habitually included in the group. The text is based upon that of the three-volume edition of *The Spectator* edited by Henry Morley. No change has been made in the text beyond making it correspond to present usage in capitalization, punctuation, and orthography. The student in the secondary school should derive benefit, rather than injury, from noticing the slight variations in usage between the best prose of the eighteenth and that of the present century.

However advantageous it may be theoretically to tell the student nothing that he can find out for himself, yet the student sometimes will not, and often can not, make the researches into books of reference necessary to give him the proper background for an appreciative reading of a work so filled with contemporary and historical allusions. Furthermore, time and energy are of value to the young as well as to the old; so are enthusiasm and a spirit of appreciation undulled by drudgery.

The editors have therefore tried to make the present edition readable without the help of any further book of reference than an unabridged dictionary. It is hoped, however, that the student will be enough interested in the aspects of the period here presented to make wider excursions into the literature of the life and manners of the eighteenth century. Few periods of English history are more fascinating, though much of its interest arises from the sharp contrast between it and the better things of the nineteenth century.

Of close and minute criticism this edition has but little. *The Spectator* is, after all, a book to be read rather than studied. Beauty, grace, humor, and thought it undoubtedly has; but these lie on the surface for any discerning reader, old or young. For the student of history and for the student of the history of literature *The Spectator* is a good field for research. Like all works which have attained and retained prominence, its roots reach out into its present and its past. But to the ordinary reader it is still, as it was on its appearance nearly two hundred years ago, a book which carries its message of truth and beauty to the hearts and understandings of men without the impertinence of learned and labored comment.

The Introduction attempts to make clear some of the salient features in the political, intellectual, and social life of England at the time *The Spectator* appeared. Without some such commentary the purpose and the great influence of these moral essays can hardly be understood. It is hoped, however, that the student will come to realize the inadequacy of so brief an introduction by making himself familiar with some of the books recommended in the bibliography on page 34.

*June, 1899.*

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single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence and with a love to mankind."

To this general policy *The Spectator* held, varying it only by the censure of graver vices than those here contemplated and by papers of a purely speculative or æsthetic nature.

Such a paper would probably have had a mission at any time in English history. But that it could so openly avow its didactic purpose, so steadily and in so direct a manner adhere to that purpose, and yet achieve so great moral, social, and financial success as did *The Spectator*, are matters of special wonder. The explanation is to be sought not merely in the character of the paper, but also in the political, intellectual, and social conditions of the age. No period of English history is more interesting or better known. The fullest details of the life and thought of the time of Queen Anne are accessible to the student. Many interesting chapters have been written upon its amusements and its fashions, upon its philosophy, its religion, its literature, and its politics. But it can not be understood without a preliminary glance at the interval between 1640 and 1710.

The political life of England had, for sixty years before the accession of Queen Anne, been full of stirring events. Charles I had been tried and beheaded for treacherous and contumelious disregard of the hereditary and constitutional rights of Englishmen. Cromwell had given in the Protectorate a government just and stable, because administered by a man of singular force and probity. The power passed in 1658 to his mediocre son, who was deposed in a few months by the Puritan army. The dissensions in the army on the one hand, and on the other hand the widespread feeling among Englishmen of all classes that a limited monarchy was, after all, the only

Charles I and the Protectorate

fitting type of government for England, led to the recall and enthronement in 1660 of Charles II.

Though Cromwell's rule had been just and firm, the presence of his powerful standing army was felt to be a constant menace to liberty. The temper and manners of the Puritans, moreover, had never been congenial to the great body of Englishmen either of the rank and file or of the nobility. Under their rule there had been the most intolerable religious and social persecution. Theaters, fairs, and all places of amusement had been closed. Even Christmas—the "Merrie Christmas" of old England—had been made, under severe penalty, a day of fasting and prayer. All churches were compelled to conform to Puritan methods of worship. The Puritans themselves, "lank-haired, long-visaged," and plainly dressed, given to canting scriptural phrases in nasal tones, uncharitable and inflexible, were not pleasing or lovable. When they came into the civil power they were joined by unscrupulous men who, as a means to promotion, imitated the outward uglinesses of the Puritans and indulged themselves in secret in the worst vices. Hence the Puritans as a body came to be hated, not only for intolerant zeal, but for intolerable hypocrisy. Nor were their enemies unprepared for this attitude toward them. Since the time of Shakspere * and Spenser † they had been a mark for ridicule and censure.

The Puritan supremacy

It was not surprising, therefore, that, with the restoration to the throne of a monarch like Charles II, who was without principles, and without shame, and who, bringing with him the worst vices of the French, soon gathered around him the most profligate court that England had ever seen, the example of the king and

* See *Measure for Measure* and *Twelfth Night.*

† See *The Faerie Queene.*

court was contagious. "Everybody hastened to indemnify himself by licentiousness and immorality for years of mortification." The upper classes speedily became frivolous and corrupt. The evil spread even to the middle and lower ranks of society. It became the fashion to insult, by word and action, all things hitherto held sacred in English life and tradition. Politics became as corrupt as manners. Charles and his courtiers had no conception of civic duty or civic honesty. Positions were sold or given to corrupt favorites of the king; wealth and honor rewarded dishonorable services. The church and the clergy sank to a lower level than at any time since the fourteenth century.

Reaction in tastes and morals under Charles II

That the privileged classes of a nation with qualities so steady and sterling should so suddenly and completely let go their best ideals was indeed strange. But we must remember the violence of the feeling that reacted against the Puritans, their sense of relief from the disbanding of Cromwell's mighty army, the traditional fondness of Englishmen for amusements, their deep-seated, hereditary conviction that a king was the only rightful ruler of the nation. Their moral standards and their refinement, moreover, were not, either under Cromwell or before his time, equal to those of the nineteenth century.

Promptly upon the Restoration came the reopening of the theaters. These were made the organs of the court, and accurately reflected its politics and its morals. They were a sad falling off from the theater of Shakspere's day. A group of writers at once appeared ready to please the fashionable taste. The plays of Wycherley, Congreve, Farquhar, and Cibber, alike foolish and licentious, have as their only apology a certain cleverness, and an unreality that

The theaters

renders them now comparatively harmless. Even Dryden, great master mind as he was, did not disdain to pander to the depraved tastes of the Restoration.

The Revolution of 1688

With the accession of James II in 1685 affairs grew worse and better: worse, in that James did nothing to elevate the standards of taste and morals, and more obstinately than his brother persisted in wresting from his subjects their constitutional rights; better, in that his weakness and lack of tact soon led to his abdication and to the installation of William and Mary by the bloodless Revolution of 1688.

William and Mary; parliamentary government

In the fourteen years of William's reign the sphere of English politics and political interest was considerably enlarged by complications with the Continent. Under his wise statesmanship, and through the victorious campaigns of Marlborough, was formed the famous Grand Alliance, by which the Protestant nations, England, Holland, and Germany, were united against the encroachments of the Catholic countries of southern Europe. The long struggle between Parliament and the Crown was practically over. William sought to govern only by authority of Parliament. The monarch no longer stood alienated from the confidence of the people. Party spirit and party prejudice there undoubtedly were; but not, as before, involving the question of the right of the reigning monarch to his seat, or of the subjects to their constitutional privileges. The direct results of the vigorous foreign policy of William and of the restitution of parliamentary authority was to institute party government and to arouse in all classes a greater interest in politics. This period is marked, too, by a temper somewhat more serious, a range of interests somewhat wider, a freedom of thought somewhat greater, than had existed for fifty years.

And yet in many phases of manners, thought, and feeling the England of Queen Anne's time, the England in which *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* made their appearance, was essentially the England of the time of Charles II. So profound and far-reaching were the effects of the manners of Charles and his dissipated court, that they persisted up to the end of the eighteenth century—a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years. One vital difference there was between the England of Charles and the England of Anne. The protest against fashionable evil had begun, and was being heard. Farquhar and Vanbrugh remodeled some of the worst scenes in their plays under the lashing given by Jeremy Collier in his tirade* against the abuses of the stage. Dryden confessed his sins in manly fashion: "In many things he has taxed me justly. . . . If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, . . . . he will be glad of my repentance." The fashionable circles no longer found an example of ill living in their sovereigns. The middle classes were growing better.

Gradual change in manners

It is with the manners and ideals of this first decade of the eighteenth century that we are concerned as an introduction to the *De Coverley Papers*. Were the student to read the whole of *The Spectator* and *The Tatler* he would find such an introduction superfluous. So rich are these periodicals in pictures and analyses of contemporary life that all historians of the period draw largely upon them. As they are of very considerable bulk and not always accessible, the average reader of the *De Coverley Papers* must content himself with some shorter survey of the age in its intellectual, moral, and material aspects.

* *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, published in 1698.

London was in Queen Anne's day the center of the life of England far more than it is at present. It was a big, dirty, ill built, ill governed, half civilized town. Its length was about five miles, and its breadth less than two; its population was perhaps a little less than half a million. A dense smoke hung over it from the manufactories along the Thames. Its houses were mostly small, ugly, ill furnished, and ill kept. The "Queen Anne" architecture, so called, was for the most part the product of a later and more elegant age. In certain quarters there were stately mansions, homes of the nobility and the merchant princes, richly adorned and furnished, but not so grand by half as the luxurious palaces of the next century. For the most part, however, the city varied from unpretentious ugliness to outright dilapidation and squalor.

London in 1710

Its streets are notorious. They were narrow, mostly unpaved, dirty, and disease-impregnated with a mass of foul garbage, which coachmen and carters delighted in spattering upon pedestrians. They were bordered by open gutters which carried or stranded the filth thrown out from markets and houses. The sidewalks were narrow and ill paved. There was constant effort "to take the wall," to escape being pushed into the gutter.* The weaker "gave the wall." Sometimes there resulted a quarrel which was settled by the sword. Porters carrying large bundles and itinerant merchants shrilly crying their wares added to the general discomfort. At night even the greatest thoroughfares were ill lighted, ill guarded, and rendered dangerous by footpads or by the bands of dissolute young ruffians, sons of wealthy families, who hectored and sometimes even maimed the luckless passengers that

The streets

* See Gay's *Trivia*.

fell into their hands.* Swarms of professional beggars and criminals of the worst class abounded. Sun-dried bodies of executed criminals swung in public view on the outskirts of the city. In short, the London streets, nauseating by day and dangerous by night, were a sure index of the city's imperfect civilization.

Amusements and pastimes claimed a large share of the people's time. Gambling was a passion with all classes, in the houses of the rich as well as in the dens of the vicious. Men and women of fashion played constantly and recklessly. In *The Spectator*, No. *295*, a woman claims her right of losing her money as becomes a woman of fashion. Wrecked fortunes, wasted time and health, quarrels and fatal duels frequently grew out of this custom. Many young men, having squandered their patrimony, turned to highway robbery as a means of livelihood. Although the folly was so common as to call forth the rebuke of the satirists, the State itself helped to keep it alive by maintaining lotteries.

Amusements; gambling

Brutal sports were common. Cockfighting, bear baiting, prize fighting, and kindred amusements had not yet fallen under the condemnation of belonging to boors and savages. A proposal to abolish prize fighting was resented as an assault on British manhood. Visitors to the city thought it a pleasant diversion to see the miserable debtors of Fleet Street Prison, and the unhappy mad-folk housed and treated like beasts in their wretched asylums.

Brutality in sports

The plays and epistolary literature of the time give evidence of the ordinary daily occupations of men and women of fashion. They rose late, passed the morning in the hands of valet or lady's maid, at breakfast, re-

* See Macaulay's *History of England*, chap. iii; *The Spectator*, Nos. *324* and *347*, and note, p. 182, l. 14.

ceiving calls, and exchanging gossip. A stroll or a drive in the afternoon in gayly colored and extravagant costume, dinner, the theater, and a night at cards or in the public gardens made up the typical day. This might be varied by a tour of the shops, or a masquerade, or some other device to kill time. Serious occupation was unfashionable.

Minor amusements

The public gardens were popular resorts. Vauxhall and Ranelagh were the most famous. Sir Roger's experiences at the former are given in No. *383* of *The Spectator*. They were reached by the Thames or by land, and were far enough removed from the center of the city to seem suburban. In the evenings the wealthy and middle classes, the thieves and the honest, the dissolute and the respectable, jostled shoulders there in promiscuous crowds, attracted by the music, masquerading, drinking, gambling, and walking in dress parade. Many came for the sake of mingling with "the quality." It must have been a gay scene, though its artificial lakes and streams, its fantastically trimmed shrubbery, and its party-colored lights reflected in spangled glass might not satisfy the taste of to-day. Some contemporary writers are enthusiastic in their praise of the beauty and elegance of these gardens; others, of more fastidious taste, style them cheap and vulgar. The authors of *The Spectator* display no enthusiasm over them.

The public gardens

The fairs held at certain seasons of the year—Bartholomew, May, and Southwark—are also prominent in contemporaneous literature. To these forgathered all classes. There were puppet shows, theatrical booths, dancers, freaks, and strange animals. Naturally these fairs were frequented by criminals. They finally became such centers of revelry

The fairs

and debauchery that they were abolished for their flagrant violations of law and order.

The puppet shows—now seen only at rare intervals, and interesting as relics of the past—were then important enough to claim the notice of *The Spectator*. They drew brave company to see "The Diverting Story of Dick Whittington and his Cat," "The Destruction of Troy, adorned with Highland Dances," "The Creation of the World," with Punch and his wife dancing in the Ark in the scene of the Flood. So unsophisticated was fashionable taste that it almost disarms censure.

The puppet shows

The Italian opera was a recent importation, as yet hardly acclimated. Addison, whose taste in music fell below his taste in letters, wrote the words of an opera; the music was composed by Clayton. Addison's poetry was not good enough to redeem Clayton's music, and the opera of *Rosamond* was soon forgotten. Addison's paper, No. *13*, on the extravagances and incongruities in the staging of one of the operas, is in his happiest vein. The introduction of Italian music, and the presence of Handel as a worker in London at this time, were happy auguries of that better musical taste which was to follow.

The opera

To a city population not given to reading books, not appreciating pictures or music, nor, indeed, with the means of cultivating such tastes, the theaters are naturally the principal source of entertainment. So it was in the reign of Queen Anne. The writing of plays was the most profitable literary employment. Everybody went to the theater. The latest play was an important topic of conversation. To cut a figure at the theater was the correct thing socially.

The theater

At an early eighteenth-century theater the play began at six or seven in the evening. In the pit—the floor

of the house—sat the cultivated members of the middle class, the lawyers, doctors, wits, and poets. To the pit the actors and playwrights looked for criticism, to the pit they addressed the propitiatory epilogue. In the top gallery sat the "gods," who "deemed it incumbent upon them to create as much noise and uproar as possible, and," when the play did not please them, "to manifest their resentment by an occasional shower of orange peel and half-eaten pippins." The upper galleries were occupied by the middle classes, who usually gave to the play a respectful and interested attention. The boxes were occupied by fine ladies and gentlemen, attired in gorgeous costume, and showing by dress and behavior that they were there to see and be seen. Smollett's *Roderick Random* tells how he acted the part: "I rose and sat down, covered and uncovered my head twenty times between the acts, pulled out my watch, wound it up, set it, gave it the hearing again, displayed my snuffbox, affected to take snuff, that I might have an opportunity of displaying my brilliant, and wiped my nose with a perfumed handkerchief; then dangled my cane and adjusted my sword knot, and acted many more fooleries of the same kind, in hopes of obtaining the character of a pretty fellow." Hogarth's picture, "The Laughing Audience," gives an idea of the arrangement of an eighteenth-century theater.

Arrangement of the theaters

Perhaps the most absurd custom of all was that of allowing to persons of prominence seats on the stage—a custom whose lineal descendant still survives in mass meetings, state ceremonials, and college commencements. At times the stage was so filled with spectators that the actors were seriously hampered.

It appears that the general lack of real interest in the play was greater than at a modern vaudeville. Nor, in-

deed, was the drama of the day calculated to arouse deep interest. With occasional exceptions, neither the tragedy nor the comedy was of a sort to move men deeply. The tragedies, even the best, like Dryden's, which contained many fine passages, were disfigured by cheap artifices, vulgar humor, and bombast. "Declamation roared while passion slept." Shakspere was seldom given; when produced, it was generally in an adaptation, like a hero in a suit of motley.

**The tragedy**

The comedies appealed unreservedly to depraved taste. They ridiculed virtue and represented profligacy as admirable. Their wit was a superficial smartness; their humor coarse or fatuous. Their heroes were rakes and mincing fops; their heroines silly women who thought it the part of fine ladies to be without principles. They dragged through the time of the play with hours of vapid talk, varied by intrigues. Nor was the language more modest than the situations and the ideals. Ladies often went to the theater masked —but continued to go. No literature produced in England has fallen under such utter condemnation as the comedy of the Restoration. It is now read by no one except the specialist.

**The comedy**

With the slow rise of better ideals at the beginning of the eighteenth century, this style of comedy had begun to be openly censured. Jeremy Collier made the first attack. Steele produced several comedies to show that virtue and humor were not inconsistent. His example was not wholly without effect. But still the false comedy of the Restoration and its descendants for the most part held the stage. In 1712 Addison said that it was "one of the most unaccountable things that the lewdness of the theater should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed." The real reform of the theater took place

**Attacks upon the drama**

later in the century, when Garrick revived the Shaksperian drama and made theater-goers feel the pleasure of a high form of art truly interpreted.

The London of Queen Anne's time is always associated with its coffeehouses. They had begun a few decades before, and now existed in great numbers. They were of all grades and frequented by all classes of citizens. Any one might enter these resorts, and, placing his penny on the bar, be served with a dish of tea or coffee and a pipe. They had each their own group or class of patrons.* One was a resort for the wits and poets, another for the lawyers, another for the merchants. They had also their political affiliations: some were frequented by Whigs, some by Tories. *The Spectator*, in pursuance of his desire to know men of all types, frequented those in which different classes might be found. Their peculiar interest for us arises from their importance as social and political factors. As centers of intellectual and political life, in which men gathered to hear and discuss the latest news and the latest opinions, they served the purpose of the modern club and the modern newspaper.

The coffeehouses

There was a close affiliation between the coffeehouses and periodical literature like *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. *The Tatler* professed to be issued from the various coffeehouses. *The Spectator* went to the coffeehouses for the sources of many of its articles. Moreover, both coffeehouse and paper grew out of common causes. The very spirit of both speaks of a general awakening to new interests, and of a state of public education in which the reading of books as yet played no great part. *The Spectator* writes of things now among the commonplaces of speculative thought with all liberally educated men, and of Shakspere and Milton

* See notes, pp. 37, 38.

as if to an audience but slenderly acquainted with either, though ready to read about them.

Party feeling

As a direct outgrowth of the newly established government by party, political feeling ran high. Men had advanced far enough in political thinking to espouse violently the side of Whig or Tory, but not far enough to sink party prejudice where it conflicted with abstract justice or with the general good. "Two main currents of opinion divided the country, to one of which a man was obliged to surrender himself if he wished to enjoy the pleasures of organized society."* Sir Roger's experiences are humorously recounted in No. *125*. Even the theaters were invaded by partisanship, and, with or without the design of the author, a play was often held to have political significance. Ladies wore their "patches" on one or other side of their faces to advertise their Whig or Tory sympathies. Party prejudice was inflamed also by the mutual distrust growing out of low standards of civic honor. In Nos. *125* and *126* Addison makes a plea for honest politics.

Town and country

These political feelings were not confined to the town. The moneyed and the landed interests were in sharp opposition. In No. *174* Steele argues some of the points at issue through Sir Roger and Sir Andrew Freeport. But the division dates farther back. The country had been the stronghold of the Cavaliers since the days of Charles I. The sound old Tory squires, though narrow in views and prejudiced in feeling, represented the better moral element of their party under the Restoration. Coming but little into contact with the events and ideas that were changing public opinion in the capital, they held fast to the opinions of the seventeenth century. The

* Courthope's *Life of Addison*, chap. i.

reasons are easy to see. They had no books. They did not travel. They came but seldom to London, and when there were dazzled and confused by the strange life. They often met with ludicrous or serious mishaps, which made them resolve never to visit London again. Few Londoners visited the country. Few were rich enough to maintain both town and country houses. Their trips for recreation were mainly to the fashionable watering places. Their tastes, indeed, were all away from those that now drive city men to seek temporary rural seclusion.

So we find *The Spectator* writing for Londoners of Sir Roger's country home as of a thing strange to them, and needing apology. Widely different indeed was his quaint and quiet home, with its simple interests, with its remnants of feudalistic relation between the Knight and his dependents, from the turbulent and artificial life of the city.

The great bar to intercourse between town and country lay in the difficulties of travel. There were no good roads. A journey of fifty miles meant a day or two of travel, rendered toilsome and dangerous by ruts, obstructions, quagmires, and freshets. Robberies, and even murder, were so frequent that it was common to make one's will before undertaking such a journey. Mails and newspapers were, of course, a luxury in the country. A news-letter once a week, giving stale news, often inaccurate, from court or Parliament, and rumors many weeks old concerning events across the Channel, were all that the country people could get. The ability to read, moreover, by no means universal in the town, was quite uncommon in the country. Hence the wide divergence of manners, thoughts, beliefs, and political principles in town and country.

Difficulties of travel

Periodical literature was still in its infancy. Newspapers were few, meager, and under the weight of censorship. The *Daily Courant*, founded in 1702, was the first daily newspaper. It contained a small page or two of news and advertisements. The more important proceedings of Parliament occasionally found their way into the London *Gazette*, issued semiweekly. There was no newspaper discussion to educate or control public opinion. "*The Tatler* and *The Spectator* were the first organs in which an attempt was made to give form and consistency to the opinion arising out of this social contact [of the clubs, coffeehouses, etc.]. . . . They were not the sudden productions of individual genius, written in satisfaction of a mere temporary taste. Like all masterpieces in art and literature, they mark the final stage of a long and painful journey, and the merit of their inventors consists largely in the judgment with which they profited by the experience of many predecessors." *

Periodical literature

The catalogue of the limitations, the vices, and the follies of the reign of Queen Anne and of the forty years preceding is long, and unpleasant to the point of disbelief. But the truth of the picture is too well attested. Such summaries as those given by Ashton in his *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, and by Sydney in his *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, leave the reader no choice but to believe. Canon Curteis, in the Bampton Lectures (quoted by Sydney †), says: "There is probably no one now living who does not congratulate himself that his lot was not cast in the eighteenth century. It has become by general consent an object for ridicule and sarcasm. Its very dress and airs had something about them which irresistibly moves a

Estimates of the eighteenth century: Curteis

* Courthope, *Life of Addison*, chap. v. † Vol. ii, p. 406.

smile. Its literature—with some noble exceptions—stands neglected upon our shelves. Its poetry has lost all power to enkindle us; its science is exploded; its taste condemned."

Sydney

Says Sydney: "If the reader will only picture to himself the foul state of the moral and social atmosphere which needed such a terrific tornado as the great French Revolution to burst forth before its pestilential stagnation could be dispelled, he will be in a position to arrive at something approaching to a true estimate of that dark, savage, repulsive, moribund age."* In all essential points these pictures hold true for the first hundred years following the Restoration.

The better influences

From pictures like these, so painful because so true, we turn with relief to the better things of the period. First of all, it must be conceded that there were still the seven thousand or more who had not bowed the knee to Baal. The great mass of Englishmen of the middle classes, the merchants, the country squires, though comparatively uneducated, and somewhat infected by the vices of the court, were free from its worst faults. Nor were all of those, whether of the lower or of the upper classes, who provoked the frequent lashings of the satirists, insensible to the claims of higher things. The great heart of the nation must still have been sound enough to feel the need of healing. Else, how did there come to be satirists? And how did the satirists come to be read? Why should men bare their backs to the rod, if they were past penitence? The single fact that writers like Addison and Steele, alive to the need and beauty of good living, found so many thousands to read *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* excuses the age from the charge of utter folly and wickedness.

* *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii, p. 406.

Reference has been made to the new interests of the age. Even the Restoration was not a time of unmixed evil. Charles II was the founder of the Royal Society for the Advancement of Science. Within the fifty years following his accession England had produced great thinkers, like Newton and Locke; vigorous poets, satirists, and reformers, like Milton, Dryden, Swift, Defoe, Steele, and Addison; occasional outbursts of pure lyric poetry, like those of the cavalier poets; great works, like *The Pilgrim's Progress*, to attest the persistency of good in an evil world; great theologians and preachers, like Collier, Tillotson, and South. In spite of the general state of education in Addison's time, in spite of the prevalence of superstition and gross tastes, in spite of the scarcity of books and works of art, Steele and Addison found a public ready to receive new ideas and to cultivate finer tastes.

New interests

*The Tatler* had met with a hearty reception; *The Spectator* attained a still greater popularity. Its circulation rose within a short time to about ten thousand daily. The public waited eagerly for each new number. It was as truly a part of the breakfast equipage of the reading public, and even of many who read little and rarely, as is the modern newspaper. In a short while there came a demand for bound volumes of the papers. These sold by thousands. On the list of subscribers were not only the names of prominent Englishmen, but even of many foreigners. It is pleasant to think that such work as this of Addison and Steele had its contemporary reward in fame and money.

Popularity of The Spectator

The influence for good of these moral essays has been variously estimated. It has been asserted by writers like Macaulay, Thackeray, and Taine, that Addi-

son and Steele effected a great reformation of taste and morals. Macaulay says of Addison that he, "without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy and virtue by fanaticism."

Influence of The Spectator

The opinion of such writers is worthy of respect; and yet, it would seem, the later history of the eighteenth century must modify their enthusiastic statements of the good that was accomplished. What they did effect was to give to conduct, taste, and thought a mighty impulse in the right direction. But crime and folly long after continued to an appalling degree in high circles. Neither drunkenness, nor gambling, nor dueling, nor ignorance, nor extravagant dress, nor gross tastes, nor political corruption was driven out of England. Great reforms in manners and customs can not be effected within a year or two; they are plants of slower growth.

To the foregoing brief survey of the conditions, social and intellectual, of this interesting age there remain to be added a few observations regarding *The Spectator* itself before the question how it came to so great influence is fully answered. First of all, its authors were men of the world. They knew the tastes and habits of the people for whom they wrote. They appealed to all classes of the reading public. They touched upon the interests of the men and women given up to fashion, of the rake, the scholar, the courtier, the merchant, the lawyer, the poet, and the politician. Their range of subjects embraced the work, the feelings, and the pastimes of the people. And they varied these subjects so rapidly and so skillfully that all classes of readers found their interests sustained.

The Spectator's knowledge of the world

The tone of the papers

The tone of the papers, professedly didactic as they were, maintained a happy union of earnestness with urbanity and humor. Individual satire had no place in them; they struck only at types of character and typical faults. They kept themselves free from the entanglements and bitterness of party prejudice. They maintained toward all venial faults a good-natured tolerance. They preserved a genial humor that was at once droll and penetrating. While they spared nothing in their relentless analysis and exposure of folly, they maintained a polite impersonality that allowed even those whose vanity was hit to smile. When the authors wrote in speculative vein they did it with a deference to the reader that was at once innate and cultivated. Notable examples are the philosophical papers, like the speculations upon instinct (Nos. *120* and *121*), upon superstition (Nos. *7*, *12*, and *117*), and upon immortality (No. *111*), in which the tone is that of a scholarly man flattering his readers by addressing them as his equals; upon poetry (Nos. *267*, *273*, etc.), and upon the theater (Nos. *40*, *42*, *44*, etc.), in which the author writes as a cultivated and sympathetic critic, saying what he knows a cultivated reader will understand and believe. How courteous *The Spectator* was can be realized if we compare it with the fierce polemic onslaughts of Milton against "the enemies of the Lord"; or the bludgeonlike strokes of the great Dean Swift; or the malicious, rapierlike thrusts of the polished Pope; or the keen, contemptuous scorn of the masterful Dryden.

Another source of their influence was their vast fertility. As has been said, they appealed to all classes. And they drew their material from many sources—history, legend, philosophy, science, ancient and modern poetry, the theater, contemporary politics, the business

and pastime of the city and the country, beliefs and superstitions, dress, manners, the external and the internal in the lives of the people, all human relations of transient or permanent nature; in short, whatever did interest or could interest their readers was laid under contribution. The motto for the first forty numbers of *The Tatler:*

Their fertility

*Quicquid agunt homines . . .*
*. . . nostri est farrago libelli,**

could with equal propriety be used for *The Spectator* as a whole.

Their amazing fertility appears not less in the richness of treatment than in the variety of themes. There is no monotony. The same theme may be handled seriously at one time and humorously the next. The relation between master and servant, for example, in many papers affords material for satire or diversion. In the account of Sir Roger's household it blossoms into pure poetry. Topics are enriched with the views of other writers near and remote, with stories, with apt comparison and application. In fact, these men were pouring out in their daily papers the treasures of richly stored and active minds. And in all this variety they retain the fundamental unity of their paper in its general purpose and spirit. It is always the utterance of the Spectator of men and manners, interested, like Terence, in all things human, and seeking always, with genuine English heartiness, for fair play, tolerance, and the elevation of taste, manners, and morals.

Their variety of themes

Steele had called his paper *The Tatler* "in honor of the fair sex." A large portion of *The Tatler* and of

* "Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme."

*The Spectator* was devoted to the position and interests of women. The authors saw clearly that all social reforms lie largely within the domain of women, and must begin by elevating them in tastes and manners. It was their purpose to make women such as to compel in men a sincere respect in place of the shallow and corrupt gallantry of the time, and to restore the sacredness to marriage and family life.

**Their interest in woman's position**

It is obvious that profundity is not one of the merits of *The Spectator*. "Addison thinks well," said Johnson, "but he thinks faintly"; and Steele's mind belonged to the same order. But this is no heavy condemnation. If they were not lacking in earnestness, in diligence, in the love and the advocacy of the beautiful and the good; and if they kept near enough to the obvious and superficial aspects of things to be read and understood of men; if, finally, they are judged by the fruits of their work, and are seen to have aimed high and to have hit their mark, they need no apology.

Johnson said of Addison: "He has dissipated the prejudice that long connected gayety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity and taught innocence not to be ashamed." Courthope, who is more moderate in spirit and more scholarly in method, says: "The work of Addison consisted in building up a public opinion which, in spite of its durable solidity, seems, like the Gothic cathedrals, to absorb into itself the personality of the architect. A vigorous effort of thought is required to perceive how strong this individuality must have been. We have to reflect on the ease with which, even in these days when the foundations of all authority are called in question, we form judgments on questions of morals, breeding, and taste, and then to dwell in

imagination on the state of conflict in all matters religious, moral, and artistic, which prevailed in the period between the Restoration and the succession of the House of Hanover. To whom do we owe the comparative harmony we enjoy? Undoubtedly to the authors of *The Spectator*, and first among these, by universal consent, to Addison." Morley, who dissents vigorously from the general tendency to exalt Addison above Steele, says: "It was through these [the *Tatlers*] and the daily *Spectators* that succeeded them that the people of England really learnt to read. The few leaves of sound reason and fancy were but a light tax on uncultivated powers of attention. Exquisite grace and true kindliness, here associated with familiar ways and common incidents of everyday life, gave many an honest man a fresh sense of the best happiness that lies in common duties honestly performed, and a fresh energy, free as Christianity itself from malice—for so both Steele and Addison meant that it should be—in opposing themselves to the frivolities and small frauds on the conscience by which manliness is undermined."

Their style

Of their style much has been said in unstinted praise. Johnson's is well known: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Certainly no English prose had yet been written that surpassed it in ease, purity, and mellowness. Both Steele and Addison, especially the latter, had an artist's sense of the value of words rightly chosen. To the easy elegance of *The Spectator* must be ascribed part of its popular acceptance. The period has been named the "Augustan Age" of English literature in recognition of its respect for form. Its poetry and its prose alike show this attention not only to ideas, but to the form in which they

were expressed. In its decadence, indeed, the tendency issued in a barren and affected formalism, in the husks of which the grains of spirit are often lost. But in an age beginning to make such exactions the correct prose of Addison and Steele met with due appreciation. Moreover, they made one step forward in the steadily developing correctness, clearness, and ease of English prose. The student needs only read the best prose of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and then turn to the best of the nineteenth, like Macaulay's or Newman's, to see clearly that *The Spectator* is a step in this development.

Comparisons of the work of Addison and Steele in *The Spectator* are many and various. Some, like Johnson, Macaulay, and Thackeray, accord to Steele a slight and grudging credit. Others, like Prof. Henry Morley, in their eagerness for justice, go to the opposite extreme. The truth seems to lie somewhere between the positions of these apologists, as presented, for example, in Prof. Courthope's *Life of Addison*. Such rivalry was never dreamed of by these two lifelong friends. Referring to the service volunteered and given by Addison in *The Tatler*, Steele says: "This good office he performed with such force of genius, humor, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid; I was undone by my own auxiliary; when I had once called him in I could not subsist without dependence on him."

Comparison of Addison and Steele

Different they were in many points. Addison had the keener wit, Steele the more genial humor; Addison the greater learning, Steele the more intimate knowledge of the human heart; Addison the more classical taste, Steele the more chivalric feeling. And yet both had in high degree wit, humor, learning, knowledge of

human nature, cultivated taste, and fine chivalry. If Addison did, as Steele generously said, surpass him in his own field, it was Steele who discovered the field. It was Steele who projected both *The Tatler* and *The Spectator;* Steele who first sketched the characters of the immortal club; Steele who first conceived the plan of publishing daily papers which should seek to elevate the standards of conduct, thought, and taste. Of the six hundred and thirty-five numbers of *The Spectator*, two hundred and thirty-six were written by Steele and two hundred and seventy-four by Addison. Of their total contributions to *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Guardian*, five hundred and ten were by Steele and three hundred and sixty-nine by Addison. It is an injustice to Steele that *The Spectator* should so often be spoken of as Addison's, though Addison had the greater genius.

In the last paper of the seventh volume, No. *555*, Steele pays tribute to Addison: "All the papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O—that is to say, all the papers which I have distinguished by any letter in the name of the muse Clio—were given me by the gentleman of whose assistance I boasted in the preface and concluding leaf of my *Tatlers*. I am, indeed, much more proud of his long-continued friendship than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the *Tender Husband*, I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished as that we might some time or other publish a work written by us both which should bear the name of *The Monument*, in memory of our friendship."

The friendship of Addison and Steele

Steele's own contributions were signed with an R, an S, or a T; and those of Eustace Budgell, the only

other contributor to the series in this volume, with an X.

The numbers of *The Spectator* here gathered under the general title of *The De Coverley Papers* all relate more or less to the old Knight and the Club to which he belonged. Hence, although they deal with many general topics, their principal interest is in the portrait of this typical old country gentleman and his home. We are told what he wore, what he thought and read, what ideas he had regarding politics, religion, and household economy. We see him in the country in his capacity of master, neighbor, arbiter, and magistrate. We see him in town at the club, at the theater, at Vauxhall, on the streets. He is very real and living, type though he is. His coat, cut in a fashion of forty years before, his whimsical conservatism, his simplicity in matters of taste, his naïve prejudices, his big-hearted generosity, his pure-minded chivalry in love; all are in delightful contrast with the rough Squire Western type drawn by Fielding—the common conception of country gentlemen held by the Londoners—and with the frivolous devotees of urban fashion themselves.

Sir Roger, the country gentleman

One ostensible purpose of these papers is to create a better understanding and more sympathy between town and country. No better means could have been devised. Sir Roger's very weaknesses increase the lovableness and the apparent truthfulness of the character. Common humanity in town and country reasserts itself as we read.

That the character thus sketched contains inconsistencies is to be expected. Sir Roger was conceived by Steele, portrayed at intervals of various lengths by both Steele and Addison, and occasionally by Budgell and others. But, though his creators had formed somewhat

different conceptions of him, they did not diverge widely in representing him, and he stands as a well-individualized character. At any rate, we recognize him on each reappearance as an old friend, and enter fully into the pathos of the butler's letter telling of the good knight's last days.

The portrayal of the character

The *De Coverley Papers* have often been called the forerunner of the English novel. Many other numbers of *The Spectator* might share the claim. There had not yet appeared in England any prose accounts of contemporary life so real, so typical. Brief and fragmentary as these pictures are, taken severally, they give a full and lifelike portrayal of the scenes and characters they introduce.

## Life of Addison.

Joseph Addison, eldest son of the Rev. Lancelot Addison, was born at Milston, in Wiltshire, England, on May 1, 1672. His father was a scholar and an author of some repute. The family is described by Steele as being as much superior to ordinary families as Addison was to the rest of his brothers and sisters.

Young Addison was prepared for the university at Amesbury, at Lichfield, and at the Charter House School in London. Here he formed the friendship with Steele which lasted, with one brief interruption, to the end of his life. Here, too, he laid the foundation for his classical tastes in Latin poetry and English literature.

He entered Queen's College, Oxford, at the age of fifteen with a larger knowledge of Latin than was possessed by many of its graduates. At this time, and later, his most finished scholarship seemed to lie in the domain of Latin poetry. Two years afterward some Latin verses which he wrote attracted the attention of

Dr. Lancaster, then Fellow and afterward Dean of Magdalen College, and secured for him a demyship in Magdalen. Little is known of his life at the university beyond the traditions of his shyness, his habit of studying far into the night, and his proficiency both in making Latin verses and in writing English prose. His favorite walk under the elms by the Cherwell at Oxford is still pointed out to visitors as "Addison's Walk." He took the degree of Master of Arts in 1693, and in 1697 a fellowship, which he retained until 1711.

During his residence at the university the fame of his attainments had been carried to London. Some complimentary lines to Dryden on his translation of *Virgil* had won him the regard of the old poet, and led to his introduction to Dryden's circle. Among his earliest literary efforts was a metrical criticism issued in 1693, entitled *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*, in which his critical faculty appears under the influence of contemporary standards and, in his estimates of Shakspere and Spenser, at a very serious disadvantage. It is, of course, unjust to Addison to condemn him for crudity of taste at the age of twenty-one. In 1695 he wrote a Latin poem in honor of King William; in 1697, another on the Peace of Ryswick.

Meanwhile Addison intended to enter the church. But stronger influences carried him in another direction. Lord Halifax had made his acquaintance and discovered his abilities. The new conditions of government by Parliament created the need for literary men in the service of the political parties. Addison was, therefore, prevailed upon by Lord Halifax to enter the public service with the Whigs. In the preparation for this he was given a pension of £300 a year and the right to spend a term of years in travel and study on the Continent.

In 1699 he set out for France, where he remained

for some time mastering the French language, and where he met Boileau, then the arbiter of taste in French literature, and the best-known apostle of the "correct" style of writing. Thence he proceeded to Italy, Austria, Germany, and Holland, from which point he returned to England in the autumn of 1703. To this extended residence abroad must be attributed some of his freedom from the "insular prejudice" so common to Englishmen of his time.

During this period, however, the Whig party went out of office and Addison's chances of preferment ceased. He lived, according to tradition, in obscurity and poverty until the latter part of 1704. The great victory of Marlborough at Blenheim and the return of the Whigs to power gave Addison his opportunity. Invited to celebrate the victory in appropriate verse, he wrote *The Campaign*. It was not a great poem, though it had fine passages; but it appealed to patriotic pride and stirred genuine emotions in a people wrought to high pitch by the military glory of the great Marlborough.

The immediate result for Addison was a Commissionership of Appeals, and soon afterward the position of Under Secretary of State. From this point Addison's fortunes rose, almost without intermission, until he became Secretary of State. It should be noted here that his rise was due, not merely to the good fortune that at first attended him, but more to the ability that gave men confidence in his wisdom, and to the breadth of mind that enabled him to keep free from party conflicts. When the Whig party went out of office in 1710, Addison alone was retained by his political opponents.

Meanwhile his literary activity continued. He helped Steele in the writing of his comedy, *The Tender Husband*, produced in 1705, and wrote the words to the opera of *Rosamond*, produced in 1706.

In 1708 he went to Ireland as Secretary to the Earl of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It was here that he formed his friendship with Swift. The gloomy old Dean, exacting and critical as he was, records his delight in the company of Addison. In 1710, at the downfall of the Whig party, he was made Keeper of the Records in Bermingham's Tower, in Ireland.

About this time Addison found his greatest work, and that on which his fame permanently rests. Steele published *The Tatler*, and Addison soon became one of its regular contributors. *The Tatler* was discontinued after a year or two, and *The Spectator* begun in March, 1711. Addison issued an eighth volume to *The Spectator* after Steele had withdrawn from it, and later issued a few numbers of *The Guardian*.

In April, 1713, he produced his tragedy of *Cato*, which had lain for a long time in his desk unfinished. The fame of its author drew crowds to the first performance. Its success was great and immediate. Its formal and precise diction, its numerous quotable "sentiments," and its frigidity of feeling, were in the taste of the time. But Addison had not dramatic genius; and his *Cato*, though its name is known to every one, is now seldom read and never enacted on the stage.

In 1715 he issued *The Freeholder*, a political paper, which continued from December, 1715, to June, 1716. In 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick. The only child of this union was a daughter, Charlotte, who survived him. In 1717 he became Secretary of State, which office he held for eleven months. In June, 1719, he died at the age of forty-seven.

His character, temperament, and habits are well known. His shyness was proverbial. When, in 1709, he entered Parliament as member from Malmesbury, he once rose to make a speech, stammered a few words,

sat down overcome by embarrassment, and never made the attempt again. In the presence of a few intimate friends his conversational powers were brilliant; in a large company he was silent.

Few men had better balance or greater breadth of view in their contact with others. He had scarcely an enemy, though he lived in the midst of political life when party prejudice was intense. Almost his only enemy was Pope, whose satirical portrait of Addison as *Atticus* is as fine in its epigrammatic wit as it is unjust in its views. But Pope's maliciousness and jealousy included too many of his contemporaries.

Addison is one of the most admirable men in English literary history, pure in public and private life, high-minded, earnest and successful in upholding high tastes and principles, loved by his friends for what he was, and admired by his contemporaries and by posterity for what he did.

## Life of Richard Steele.

To few of the formative men in the history of English letters has justice come so tardily as to Richard Steele. His temperament and character were not understood by his contemporaries or by his earlier biographers. Always a champion of virtue and soberness of living, yet frequently straying into devious paths, he needed a sympathetic interpreter, skilled in assorting and analyzing the conflicting stories and opinions about him. Thackeray's account of him in *The English Humorists* makes him lovable, but it dwells too much upon his weaknesses. Macaulay, in his essay *The Life and Writings of Addison*, uses his favorite method of antithesis, and, in order to make Addison appear wise and strong, makes Steele a weakling and fool. Singularly enough, both of them use Steele's own judgments of

himself for his condemnation, without a suspicion that Steele had the Irish trait of exaggerating his follies for his own admonition or for the amusement of his friends. The best accounts of Steele are the introduction to the edition of *The Spectator* by Henry Morley, the introduction to the *Selections from Steele* by Austin Dobson, and the article, by the same author, in the *Dictionary of National Biography.*

Richard Steele was born in Dublin, March, 1672, and died in Wales in 1729. His father, a well-to-do lawyer of Dublin, died when Richard was but five years old. His mother died soon afterward. Steele's education was cared for by an uncle, who sent him, in 1684, to the Charter House, where he began his friendship with Addison, and in 1690 to Christ Church College, Oxford.

While at the university he made some reputation for scholarship, and began his literary efforts by composing a comedy, which he burned upon the advice of a friend. After two years at the university he enlisted as a volunteer in the life guards, thereby losing, as he afterward wrote, "the succession to a very good estate in the county of Wexford, Ireland."

His earliest literary efforts were some verses in memory of Queen Mary, in 1694, and *The Christian Hero,* published in 1701. This was written, he says, "to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity toward unwarrantable pleasures." His first play, *The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, was produced with considerable success at the Drury Lane Theater in 1701. In 1703 he produced his second comedy, *The Lying Lover.* This, like its predecessor, was an attempt to follow the precepts laid down by Jeremy Collier.* It was, however, of inferior merit, and did not succeed. His third com-

* See note on p. 6.

edy, *The Tender Husband*, appeared in the same year, with but little more success. His last comedy, *The Conscious Lovers*, appeared in 1722.

In 1705 he married. His wife died about a year later, and in the latter part of 1707 he married Mary Scurlock, "a Welsh beauty," who is the "Mistress Prue" of his letters. Meanwhile his career in the public service had begun. He was appointed gentleman waiter to Prince George, and was made Gazetteer of Parliament. In 1710 he was appointed to the Commissionership of Stamps, which office he held for three years. In 1714 he was made supervisor of the Drury Lane Theater, at a salary of £1,000 per annum, became a member of Parliament and was knighted in 1715, and was again elected to Parliament in 1722.

His most valuable work was the establishment of his periodicals. He founded in 1709 *The Tatler*, which appeared three times a week, and continued for two years. Then he began *The Spectator*. Other papers of less note and shorter life were also of his founding.

Steele was an interesting combination of opposite qualities. He was always honest, but generally involved in debt; an earnest advocate of virtue and soberness, but unsteady in his resolutions; quick to measure the life about him and to see the elements of practical problems, but making frequent failures in the conduct of his own affairs. His fine sense of courtesy, his chivalrous attitude toward women, his unfailing good humor, his ardent loyalty to his friends, are evident not only in the records left by his contemporaries but in his own writings. His vigorous attacks upon dueling and other vices and follies of his time, his steadfast insistence upon the right of women to be treated as worthy of high respect, and his discovery of the value of the periodical essay as a means of forming public taste and crystallizing

public opinion, were among the best contributions to civilization made in the first half of the eighteenth century.

For further information regarding the authors of *The Spectator* and the social life portrayed in it the pupil is referred to the books in the following

## Bibliography.

Biography.—Johnson's *Life of Addison* (in *Lives of English Poets*); Macaulay's *Life of Addison*; Thackeray's *English Humorists* and *Four Georges*; Courthope's *Life of Addison*; articles on Addison and Steele in the *Britannica* and in the *Dictionary of National Biography*; Aitken's *Life of Steele*; Ward's *English Poets*, vol. iii; Austin Dobson's *Steele*.

Social Life.—Sydney's *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*; Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*; *The Spectator*; *The Tatler*; Macaulay's *History of England*, chap. iii; Green's *History of the English People*; Gosse's *History of Eighteenth Century Literature*; Traill's *Social England*, vol. iv; Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*; Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*; Frances Burney's *Evelina*; Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* and *Amelia*; Gay's *Trivia* and *The Beggar's Opera*.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

# THE
# SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

## I. THE SPECTATOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF*

[*No. 1, March 1, 1711.*]

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem*
*Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*
HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, 143, 144.

I HAVE observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure 'till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

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* These papers had no title when they appeared in *The Spectator*.

9. **several.** Used in what sense?

11. **digesting.** See the dictionary for the various meanings of this word. Which applies here?

13. See Macaulay's essay on *The Life and Writings of Addison*, paragraphs 50, 70, and 85, and elsewhere, for the accuracy of the portrait of himself that follows.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that before I was born my mother dreamt that she was to bring forth a judge; whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I can not determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, *that my parts were solid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are

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18. **whole and entire.** Is this tautology?

very few celebrated books, either in the learned or modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and, as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me: of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the nar-

47. **learned.** Why are Latin and Greek, in distinction from the modern languages, so designated?

54. Travel on the Continent, especially in Italy, had been for two or three centuries considered a necessary part of the education of an English gentleman. There are references to the custom in several of Shakspere's plays. See *Merchant of Venice*, Act I, sc. ii.

59. The reference seems to be to the *Pyramidographia* of John Greaves, mathematician and antiquary, published in 1646.

61. Addison's travels had not been outside of Europe. See Courthope's *Life of Addison*, chapter iii.

64. **Of my select friends.** Partitive or appositive?

69. **Will's** coffeehouse, in Bow Street, Covent Garden, was in Dryden's time a famous resort of the wits and poets rather than the politicians.

"What ruled writer and reader alike was the new-found pleasure of talk. The use of coffee had only come in at the close of the civil wars,

ratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and while I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffeehouse, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Hay Market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical

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but already London and the bigger towns were crowded with coffee-houses. The popularity of the coffeehouse sprang not from its coffee, but from the new pleasure which men found in their chat over the coffee cup. And from the coffeehouse sprang the essay. The talk of Addison and Steele is the brightest and easiest talk that was ever put in print; but its literary charm lies in this, that it is strictly talk." Green's *History of the English People*, § 1386.

71. **Child's**, in St. Paul's churchyard, was a favorite resort of the clergy and other professional men.

72. **The Postman**: a journal of the period.

74. **St. James's coffeehouse** stood on Pall Mall, and was frequented by the Whigs.

77. **The Grecian**, kept by a Greek, was in Devereux Court, Strand. It is made the headquarters of Isaac Bickerstaff in *The Tatler*.

78. **The Cocoa Tree**, in St. James's Street, was the Jacobite headquarters.

81. **Jonathan's** coffeehouse, in Change Alley, was the resort of stock-jobbers.

85–88. How does this sum up what precedes? Does *The Spectator* make good this claim?

part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them: as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the

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91. **economy**. See the dictionary for the primary meaning of the word.

93. In the game of backgammon a **blot** is an exposed piece liable to be forfeited.

99. Note the way in which this paragraph gives its topic in the opening and closing sentences.

101. Compare the opening sentence of this paper and the note appended.

secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to *The Spectator*, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal. C.

## II. THE CLUB

[*No. 2, March 2, 1711.*]

*Ast alii sex,*
*Et plures, uno conclamant ore.*
JUVENAL, *Satire*, vii, 167.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow

1. The characters that figure in these papers were not intended to represent particular persons, but types. In No. *262* Addison says that he tries to qualify what he writes "that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private persons." See also No. *34*. The method is that of the literary artist, so far as it presents types of character rather than portraits of individual men.

2. **his.** What would be the more modern way of building this sentence? Compare the second verse of the First Psalm. Cite other examples of this construction.

3. Sir Roger derives his name from a popular dance of the day known as Sir Roger a Calverley (or Caulverley). Steele says that this clever idea was Swift's. See the dictionary for the origin of the word "country-dance."

15. **by reason.** Compare our *because*, often written, in middle English, *by cause*.

of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffeehouse for calling him "youngster." But being ill used by the above mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger

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19. **John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester**, a soldier, wit, and courtier of the time of Charles II. He died in 1680.

19. **Sir George Etherege** (1635–1691), an English dramatist and courtier. Both he and Rochester were notorious for their excesses even in that corrupt time.

21. **Bully Dawson**, a rough and sharper, well known in the time of Etherege.

30. Sir Roger died when the paper that gave him to the world was less than two years old. The butler, in his account of Sir Roger's death, says that he had made love to the widow for the last forty years of his life. See No. *517*. If his rejection by her followed the episode mentioned above, how old was Sir Roger when he thus resented being called "youngster"?

31. We hear nothing more of the house in town, though much of the Knight's country house. Sir Roger figures throughout as the type of the country gentleman of his time. See No. *335*.

is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities; and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a

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44. **Inner Temple**: one of the four legal societies of London, the Inns of Court, which had the exclusive right of admitting candidates to the bar, and gave instruction and examinations for that purpose; also the name of the premises occupied by the society. The other three societies were the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn.

50–52. That is, he knew more of philosophy and literature than of law. Aristotle (384–322 B. C.) wrote philosophical works and treatises on rhetoric and the theory of dramatic poetry. He was the father of literary criticism. Longinus (210(?)–273 A. D.) is best known as the author of a treatise *On the Sublime*.

Sir Thomas Littleton (1402–1481) was the author of a standard work on real property. This, and the commentaries of Sir Edward Coke (1552–1634), commonly known as *Coke upon Littleton*, were the accepted authority upon the law of real property.

59. **Tully**, for a long time the common way of designating Marcus Tullius Cicero.

fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by

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63-65. Just what does Steele mean by this observation?

65. **just.** Used in what sense?

67-69. What is the general assumption that underlies this statement?

71. **New Inn** was in the precincts of Middle Temple. See note, p. 39.

73. In Addison's time the plays began at six o'clock; in Shakspere's time at three o'clock. The Elizabethan day began much earlier than ours.

74. **The Rose** was a coffeehouse in Russell Street, near the Drury Lane Theatre, and a resort of actors and playwrights.

77. **Sir Andrew Freeport's** name and opinions seem to be in allusion to the open commercial policy then urged and later adopted. See *The Spectator*, No. *174*.

arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked

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92. **Abounds in several**, etc. Would the diction of this be allowable nowadays?

93-94. Compare Poor Richard's maxim to the same effect. Franklin read *The Spectator* as a model for his own style. See his *Autobiography*.

to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavor at the same end with himself,—the favor of a commander. He will, however, in this way of talk excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: "for," says he, "that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him"; therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression either by wrinkles on his

144. **humorists.** See the dictionary for the meaning here intended.
146. **gallant.** Used in what sense?

forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, and of good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year; in a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up: "He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirabel begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair: that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a

155. **habits.** Used in what sense?

157. **mode.** Meaning? Compare the phrase, *à la mode.*

167. The son of Charles II.

169. **relations.** Used in what sense?

174. **Tom Mirabel**: a gay and fickle gentleman in Farquhar's comedy *The Inconstant.* Mirabel is also used as the name of a fashionable rake in Fletcher's *The Wild Goose Chase,* and of a gay and brilliant gentleman in Congreve's comedy *The Way of the World.*

more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hopes from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. R.

## III. SIR ROGER ON MEN OF PARTS

[*No. 6, March 7, 1711.*]

*Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,*
*Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat.*

JUVENAL, *Satire* xiii, 54, 55.

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes,

and all qualities of mankind; and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion that none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch, as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his

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9 and 22. **ill.** Used in what sense?

26. **Scarecrow.** Note here and elsewhere how the name is used to designate the type rather than an individual.

27. A square in London formerly frequented by idlers and beggars; "now surrounded by lawyers' offices, Lincoln's Inn, the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Soane Museum."

satisfaction and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions is, says Sir Roger, in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. "But," continued he, "for the loss of public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the public of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding; without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion."

While the honest Knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked attentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. "What I aim at," says he, "is to represent that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings, and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man." This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also, at some times, of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination, that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in

54. **good starts.** Meaning?
57. **manners.** Used in what sense?

themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue, "It is a mighty dishonor and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humor and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation." He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem "to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity." This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humor another. To follow the dictates of the two latter is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt that England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there anything so just as that mode and gal-

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71. **Sir Richard Blackmore** (1650–1729), an English court physician who wrote poetry of mediocre quality.

94. **polite.** Used in what sense?

lantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there anything more common than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kinds of superiors is founded methinks upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice, more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

"It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honor of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, 'The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedæmonians practise it.'" R.

## IV. THE SPECTATOR DISCUSSED AT THE CLUB

[*No. 34, April 9, 1711.*]

*Parcit*
*Cognatis maculis similis fera.*
JUVENAL, *Satires*, 159.

THE club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind: by this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers, too, have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success, which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies (but for your comfort, says Will, they are not those of the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and

9–10. **who have not their**, etc. Criticise the grammar of this.

16. Note the humor in the members' inability to take any point of view but that of their own class. Why is the clergyman more liberal?

23. In former numbers of *The Spectator* (*13* and *18*) some of the extravagances and absurdities of Italian opera had been skillfully ridiculed. See also Nos. *14*, *22*, *29*, and *31*.

the puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much surprised that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them: and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms. In short, says Sir Andrew, if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use.

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew, that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of king Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. But after all, says he, I think

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30. **their.** Antecedent?

38. **aldermen and citizens.** It was the custom of the corrupt comedy of the time to satirize the dupes of the vicious. See *The Spectator*, Nos. *8, 16, 19, 20, 21.* Where does Sir Andrew's sympathy lie as between the classes? See his argument in No. *174.*

41. How are the characters of Sir Andrew and the lawyer, as given in No. *2*, borne out in this interview?

44. **Charles II,** the vices of whose court gave abundant occasion for satire.

your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the inns of court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behavior in that particular.

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a pish! and told us that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. "Let our good friend," says he, "attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator," applying himself to me, "to take care how you meddle with country squires; they are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention foxhunters with so little respect."

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his gray hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: that it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof: that vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life.

He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honor to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid and ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed that what he had said was right; and that for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out: and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain: who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their pro-

115. **put me in mind.** By what points of likeness? What difference is humorously ignored?

scription: and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolution to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grow extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: if the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavors to make an example of it. I must, however, intreat every particular person, who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.

C.

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121. See the version of this incident in Shakspere's *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV, scene i, and in Plutarch's *Life of Mark Antony*.

123–124. **their, they.** What is the antecedent of each?

127. In reference to the great license of speech in the puppet show. Compare the freedom allowed to the court fool as represented in Shakspere.

## V. A LADY'S LIBRARY

[*No. 37, April 12, 1711.*]

*Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ*
*Fœmineas assueta manus.*

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vii, 805, 806.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, inclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady, whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and, as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of a Lady's Library gave me a great curiosity to see it; and, as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colors, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarins, trees, shells, and a thousand other

odd figures in China ware. In the midst of the room was a little Japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number, like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogilby's Virgil.

Dryden's Juvenal.

Cassandra.

Cleopatra.

Astræa.

Sir Isaac Newton's Works.

The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

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28. There are numerous references in the contemporary literature to the fashion of collecting odd pieces of china ware.

47–49. **Cassandra**, **Cleopatra**, and **Astræa** were romances translated from the French.

50. Note the humor in placing Newton between these French romances. Could Newton have been one of the authors whom she had seen?

51. **The Grand Cyrus**, by Madame de Scudéry, published in 1650, in ten volumes, was the best known of "the long-winded romances" of the heroic school. The translations of these romances had great vogue in England until supplanted by the more realistic work of De Foe, Richardson, and Fielding. For an interesting account of this develop-

Pembroke's Arcadia.

Locke of Human Understanding; with a paper of patches in it.

A spelling-book.

A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.

Sherlock upon Death.

The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's Essays.

Father Malbranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.

A book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies' Calling.

Tales in Verse by Mr. Durfey: bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

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ment in English literary taste see chapters iv and v of Raleigh's *The English Novel*.

53. By Sir Philip Sidney, written in 1580–'81, but published in 1590 by his sister under the title of *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*.

54. **John Locke** (1632–1704). See the Century Dictionary or any dictionary of biography for an account of his life and work. The "patches," to inclose which Leonora used his great work, were bits of black silk stuck upon the face as foils to the complexion, and were sometimes called "beauty spots." Their use lingered on into the early part of this century.

58. **William Sherlock** (1641–1707), made dean of St. Paul's in 1691. The title of the book was *Discourse concerning Death*.

60. **Sir William Temple** (1628–1699), diplomatist, statesman, and author. He is among the best English essayists.

61. **Nicholas Malebranche** (1638–1715), a French philosopher, famous in the seventeenth century. His *Search after Truth* was published in 1674.

63. See note on novels, No. *123*.

64. Books upon etiquette and fine speech were common at this time. A handbook of conversation by Madame de Scudéry was translated into English by Spence, in 1683. Many of the romances served as storehouses for examples of polite conversation. See *The Spectator*, No. *119*, paragraph 2.

67. **Thomas D'Urfey** (1650–1723), an English dramatic and humorous

All the Classic Authors, in wood.

A set of Elzevers, by the same hand.

Clelia: which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The new Atlantis, with a Key to it.

Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.

A Prayer-book; with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.

Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.

Fielding's Trial.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Instructions for Country-Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and, upon my presenting her with the letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health. I answered *yes;* for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

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poet. His choice of a title for his songs, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, is sufficient indication of his literary rank.

69–70. This is, perhaps, the keenest thrust in the paper.

71. **Clelia**: a romance by Madame de Scudéry.

73. A book well known at this time, but of little value and no originality. See note, No. *269*, for its full title.

75. A scandalous book, attacking members of Whig families under assumed names; hence the need of a *key*. It appeared in 1709.

76. Sir Richard Steele's.

79. **Sacheverell** was a Tory clergyman who had been prosecuted by the Whigs for two sermons preached against them.

80. Probably the trial for bigamy of Robert Feilding, a fashionable rake of the time, who died in 1712. The romantic Leonora seems to have a liking for scandals, in books at least.

81. **Moral Essays** by the Latin author Seneca (4 B. C.–65 A. D.).

82. By Jeremy Taylor (1613–1667). One of England's most able theologians and most vigorous prose writers.

83. **La Ferte**. A fashionable dancing master of the time.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favorite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their writings; and she admits of very few male visitants, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes, covered with wood-bines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake, that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of The Purling Stream. The Knight likewise tells me that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country. "Not (says Sir Roger) that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales. For she says

that every bird which is killed in her ground will spoil a consort, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year."

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion! What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination!

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it. C.

## VI. COVERLEY HALL

[*No. 106, July 2, 1711.*]

*Hinc tibi copia*
*Manabit ad plenum, benigne*
*Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.*

HORACE, *Odes*, I. xvii. 14–17.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither,

145. The discussion of this topic is continued in very interesting and pleasing fashion in No. *92*.

and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance: as I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for, as the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they

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13. In Addison's time the use of *an* before the aspirate was common. See also p. 62, l. 111, and elsewhere in *The Spectator*.

23. Compare the next paper, p. 71, l. 82.

were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with the mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues as well as imperfec-

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39. **themselves.** What is the antecedent?

41. **pleasant.** In what sense? What derivative still retains this shade of meaning?

55. For the dependent position of the lesser clergy, allusions to which are frequent in the literature of Addison's time, see Macaulay's *History of England*, chapter iii. The student should, if possible, read this chapter entire for the light it throws on many of the themes treated by *The Spectator*.

tions are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and without staying for my answer told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it: I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners.

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74. Why should Sir Roger not rather consider this a compliment? See Macaulay's *History of England*, chapter iii, for an account of the education of the country gentleman of the time. The extent of Sir Roger's own attainments may be inferred from his comments in Westminster and at the play. See Nos. *329* and *335* in this volume. Note, too, the manner in which the "perverse Widow" managed to pass for such a "desperate scholar" that Sir Roger was quite defeated in his wooing. See No. *113*, pp. 93, 94.

85. See No. *517* for a further expression of Sir Roger's appreciation.

There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them: if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of

106. It is uncertain whether the reference is to William Beveridge (1637–1708), who had been Bishop of St. Asaph, and whose sermons were much esteemed, or to Dr. William Fleetwood (1656–1723), who succeeded Beveridge.

107. Dr. Robert South (1633–1716) was a Tory and High Churchman, and one of the most famous of the great preachers of England.

109. Dr. John Tillotson (1630–1694), an English prelate and theological writer, made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1691.

109. "I have frequently heard him [Dryden] own with pleasure, that if he had any talent for English prose it was owing to his having often read the writings of the great Archbishop Tillotson."—Congreve's *Dedication of Dryden's Plays.*

110. Dr. Robert Saunderson (1587–1662).

110. Dr. Isaac Barrow (1630–1677), eminent both as theologian and mathematician. Sir Isaac Newton was one of his pupils.

110. Dr. Edmund Calamy (1600–1666), an English Presbyterian clergyman.

practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

## VII. THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD

[*No. 107, July 3, 1711.*]

*Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,*
*Servumque collocárunt æterna in basi,*
*Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam.*

PHÆDRUS, *Ep.* i. 2.

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom, and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters.[127] The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have

127. What do you know of Addison that would lead you to take this remark seriously?

seldom seen but at Sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing: on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together, and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependents lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favors, rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants: he has ever been of opinion that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of

equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life,—I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honor and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to wel-

45. What is the construction of the last clause? Paraphrase the sentence to bring out its meaning.

58. **husband.** Used in what sense?

62. **falls.** A legal term. When a lease of land was terminated, the tenant who had held it was required to pay to the Knight a sum of money.

come his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood I look upon as only what is due to a good servant, which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes; and shown to their undone patrons that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family, and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person

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75. **late.** What word should we now use?

82. Compare the last paper, p. 196, l. 57, and p. 64, l. 21. How do you account for the inconsistency?

89. Is this method, the citing of classic instances, used in any of these papers?

supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favor ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything farther. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master. R.

## VIII. WILL WIMBLE

[*No. 108, July 4, 1711.*]

*Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.*

PHÆDRUS, lib. II. fab. v. 3.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his

3. See the various meanings of the word *wimble* in an unabridged dictionary. Which, probably, was in Addison's mind when he chose the name?

service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

"Sir Roger,—I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"Will Wimble."

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a may-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is

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3–6. Note the ambiguity of the pronouns. For what noun does each stand?

16. **Eton** College, one of England's most famous schools, founded in 1440 by Henry VI.

a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them how they wear. These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humors make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand, that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and, on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old Knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other

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34. **officious.** Used in its earlier and etymological meaning.

37. The culture of tulips became a "tulip mania" in the seventeenth century. Consult the Encyclopædia Britannica.

43. **made**: that is, trained.

adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is

the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though uncapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation. L.

## IX. THE COVERLEY LINEAGE

[*No. 109, July 5, 1711.*]

*Abnormis sapiens.*

HORACE, *Satires*, II. ii. 3.

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and, advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures; and, as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon

116. This paper discusses the overcrowded state of the professions of divinity, law, and medicine, and calls attention to the advantages of trade and commerce. Compare, also, No. *174* in this volume.

1. What sort of gallery is meant?

his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the Knight faced towards one of the pictures, and, as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination without regular introduction or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress, and how the persons of one age differ from those of another merely by that only. One may observe, also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and an half broader: besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt Yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot: he shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and, bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy: however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a vic-

tory, and, with a gentle trot, he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals) and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffee house is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentlemen at court: you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt Yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honor, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist: my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country wife, she brought ten children, and, when I show you the library, you shall see, in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language), the best receipt now in England both for an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to fall back a little, because 'tis necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions

59. The new-fashioned petticoat was bell-shaped and blown up into a most enormous concave. It is the subject of some admirable fooling in *The Spectator*, No. *127*.

65. **White-pot** was a kind of custard, the recipe for which may be found by the curious reader in the Century Dictionary.

66–68. Note the omission of the apodosis in this sentence. What would be the more modern form of expression?

added to her own, and was stolen by a neighboring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp and so much money was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there: observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand on a desk writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world: he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life: the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation; but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honor I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

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84. What is evidently Sir Roger's idea of the making of literature? What other evidences have we of his literary judgment?

101. Compare p. 164, l. 152.

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: "This man" (pointing to him I looked at) "I take to be the honor of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth: all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbors."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars; "For," said he, "he was sent out of the field

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113. That is, as member of Parliament for this shire.

upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester."

The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity. R.

## X. THE COVERLEY GHOST

[*No. 110, July 6, 1711.*]

*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.*
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, ii. 755.

AT a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that, when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he

138. On September 3, 1651, Cromwell defeated, in the battle of Worcester, the army of the Scots, who were trying to reinstate Charles II upon the throne.

9–10. From what version is this expression taken?

added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbors of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light: yet, but let a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them

43. From the *Essay on Human Understanding*, ii, 33, § 10.

again so long as he lives, but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without an head: and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The Knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did I not find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I

62. Had the footman lost his wits? See p. 81.

83. particular upon. Substitute a more modern phrase.

think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one, who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless: could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favored this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable: he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus, not so much for the sake of the story itself as

94. Is Addison's point about testimony sound? See, for example, the history of the Salem witchcraft delusion.

97. The Roman poet and philosopher Lucretius (96–55 B. C.) attempted, in his didactic and philosophical poem, *De Rerum Natura*, to set men free from the degrading terrors of superstition.

113. Josephus (37–95 A. D.), a Jewish historian, who wrote, in Greek, *The Jewish War* and *Antiquities of the Jews*.

for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words. "Glaphyra, the daughter of king Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her, that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage), had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: 'Glaphyra,' says he, 'thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever.' Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings. Besides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of Divine Providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavor to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue." L.

118. **two first.** What is the present idiom?

145. Josephus, *The Antiquities of the Jews*, xvii. 15, § 415.

## XI. SUNDAY AT COVERLEY HALL

[*No. 112, July 9, 1711.*]

'Αθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεούς, νόμῳ ὡς διακεῖται,
Τιμᾶ.

PYTHAGORAS.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the

responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which

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36. What is the topic of this paragraph?

39. **surprised.** Note the sense in which the word is used.

43. **particularities.** Meaning?

52. What is the topic of this paragraph? Criticise the division of this and the preceding paragraph.

accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church,—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his

70. Is this grammatical according to present usage?

83 *ff.* Note the skillful arrangement of this paragraph and its development to the climax.

tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it. L.

## XII. SIR ROGER IN LOVE

[*No. 113, July 10, 1711.*]

*Hærent infixi pectore vultus.**

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, iv. 4.

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth: which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: as soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very

* Of whom was this line of Virgil written? How must it be translated to suit the case in hand?

hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before

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9. How was this part of Sir Roger's estate "settled upon" the perverse Widow?

10. The Widow has by some editors been identified with a lady living in the time of Steele. There is, however, as Prof. Morley well says, "time misspent in all these endeavors to reduce to tittle-tattle the creations of a man of genius." We have, moreover, *The Spectator's* explicit denial that real persons were meant. See Nos. *34* and *262*.

18. Compare the paragraph from Locke, p. 82.

me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame, and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court, with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I

44. In the court dress worn by sheriffs on state occasions.

53. **event.** See the dictionary for the various meanings of the word. What is its etymology?

warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures, that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship: she is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill

of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before

such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature— But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said? After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led

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146. **the sphinx**. See the encyclopædias or classical dictionaries for the story of Œdipus and the Sphinx.

147. **that**. Note the irregularity of construction.

159. **tansy**: "a pudding or cake made with eggs, cream, rose-water, and the juice of tansy."—Century Dictionary.

him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that passage of Martial, which one knows not how to render in English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia; si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesternâ patri cûm luce salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia lumen ave.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute;
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
"I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine."

R.

## XIII. THE COVERLEY ECONOMY

[*No. 114, July 11, 1711.*]

*Paupertatis pudor et fuga.*
HORACE, *Epistles*, I. xviii. 24.

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretending behavior in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at

1. Does Steele mean that both economy and good breeding have bad effects upon us? If not, what does he mean?

Sir Roger's a set of country gentlemen who dined with him: and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of everything that was said; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humor grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind than any dislike he had taken at the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit, is, that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house you see great plenty, but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of everything, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness which attends the table of him who lives within compass is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way

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20. **dipped.** See the dictionary. From what source is the figure derived?

22. **stomach.** Look up the earlier meanings of the word.

of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonor. Yet if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behavior would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year, which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt he would save four shillings in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelve month charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbors, whose ways of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "That to each of them poverty

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41. **personate.** Substitute a word or phrase of the same meaning.

57. **Irus**: the name of a beggar in the home of Ulysses. See *The Odyssey*, book xviii. Laertes was the father of Ulysses. The use of classical names to designate types more or less remote from the originals was common in Addison's time and earlier.

is the greatest of all evils," yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments; fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessaries, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his laborers, and be himself a laborer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it, and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and oppression have their seed in the dread of want: and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it; but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant than the neglect of necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is, that they are both out of nature, when she is followed with reason and good sense. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. Cowley with the greatest pleasure. His magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable men as his understanding; and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant author who published his works, to dwell so much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his desires. By this means he has rendered his friend as

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91. Abraham Cowley (1618-1667) ranked high among his contemporaries. But his poetry has not stood the test of time. It is disfigured by fantastic conceits.

95. Dr. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, who wrote for the introduction of Cowley's works a life of the author.

amiable as famous. That state of life which bears the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's *great Vulgar* is admirably described; and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would methinks be no ill maxim of life, if according to that ancestor of Sir Roger whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design; but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary armor against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration, and unworthy our esteem.

It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world: but as I am now in a pleasing arbor, surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am at this

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99. See Cowley's paraphrase of Horace's ode, *Odi Profanum Vulgus*:

"Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the small."

present writing philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley,

> If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
> With any wish so mean as to be great,
> Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
> The humble blessings of that life I love!

T.

## XIV. RECREATION

[*No. 115, July 12, 1711.*]

*Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*

JUVENAL, *Satire* x. 356.

BODILY labor is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labor for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labor as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labor, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, lets us see how

134. From Cowley's essay *Of Greatness.*

absolutely necessary labor is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers, of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labor or exercise ferments the humors, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigor, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapors to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing

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32. The reader will observe that Addison's physiology is of an obsolete type.

41. **vapors.** See the dictionary for the special sense this word had in the eighteenth century.

valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honor, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be labored before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty: and as for those who are not obliged to labor, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labor which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labors. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the Knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belong to foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that for distinction's sake has a brass nail struck through it.

78. **he.** Does this mean the otter or the Knight?

which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the Widow abated and old age came on, he left off foxhunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

7 There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since under the title of *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb-bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

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103. **Thomas Sydenham** (1624–1689), the greatest English physician of his time. In his liberal ideas he anticipated much of the best modern treatment.

107. *Medicina Gymnastica, or a Treatise concerning the Power of Exercise*, by Francis Fuller.

112–115. The Spectator does not always observe his own rules. See his condemnation of puns, in No. *61*.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition; it is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude: As I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labor and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation. L.

## XV. THE COVERLEY HUNT

[*No. 116, July 13, 1711.*]

*Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,*
*Taygetique canes.*

VIRGIL, *Georgics*, iii. 43.

THOSE who have searched into human nature observe, that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul, as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or

118. *Artis Gymnasticæ apud antiquos*, by Hieronymus Mercurialis, published at Venice in 1569.

state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastile seven years; during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers, that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighborhood always attended him on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed, the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts: his tenants are still full

35. Is this device consistent with that character of Sir Roger which has been drawn in the preceding papers? This is Budgell's first contribution to the De Coverley sketches, and the third to *The Spectator*. See ll. 14-16.

of the praises of a gray stone horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for foxhunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed he endeavors to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the Knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakespeare I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the Midsummer Night's Dream :—

> My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each: a cry more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighborhood towards

62. This custom was not a peculiar whim of Sir Roger's, as Budgell's words might seem to imply. Henry II observed it. In Queen Anne's time it was general. See note in Morley's edition of *The Spectator*.

my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old Knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out of a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavored to make the company sensible of by extending my arm; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me if puss was gone that way. Upon my answering "Yes," he immediately called in the dogs and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country-fellows muttering to his companion that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying "Stole away!"

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the picture of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find that instead of running straight forwards, or in hunter's language, "Flying the country," as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particu-

lar hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them: if they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry "In view." I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighboring hills, with the holloaing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman, getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms;

which he soon delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard; where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur Pascal, in his most excellent discourse on the Misery of Man, tells us, that all our endeavors after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear. He afterwards goes on to show that our love of sports comes from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon hunting. "What," says he, "unless it be to drown thought, can make men throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?" The foregoing reflection is certainly just, when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable end from this exercise. I mean the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her orders. Had that incomparable person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas, through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body, which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth

148. **Blaise Pascal** (1623–1662), a celebrated French mathematician, philosopher, and writer, and one of the greatest intellects of his century.

153. Is Pascal right in this view?

year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life till that time is but one continued account of the behavior of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For my own part I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden:—

> The first physicians by debauch were made;
> Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
> By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
> Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
> But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
> Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
> Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
> Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
> The wise for cure on exercise depend:
> God never made His work for man to mend.

X.

## XVI. THE COVERLEY WITCH

[*No. 117, July 14, 1711.*]

*Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.*

VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, viii. 108.

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely

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182. This is a fair example of the didactic poetry that was in high favor in the eighteenth century.

191. From *An Epistle to his Kinsman, J. Dryden, Esq., of Chesterton.*

necessary to a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce are people of a weak understanding and a crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavor to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions: or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and

32. What would be the logical outcome of Addison's second point of view as applied to his first?

figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:—

In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd;
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcase from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent color'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the Knight told me that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbors did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried *Amen* in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she would offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy maid does not make her butter come so soon as she should have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected es-

49. **weeds.** See the dictionary. 51. From *The Orphan*, Act II.

cape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," says Sir Roger, "I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a justice of peace to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbors' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the night-mare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry that Sir Roger was

102. If the victim floated, she was a witch and was burned; if she sank, she was innocent, but ran the risk of drowning.

several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage. L.

## XVII. A COVERLEY LOVE-MATCH

[*No. 118, July 16, 1711.*]

*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.**

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, iv. 73.

THIS agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks which are struck out of a wood in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city the charms of

113. Substitute another phrase equivalent to **grow chargeable.**

* See this line in its context, and note the different translation required in its present position.

1. **seat.** Meaning? Compare the use of site.

the country are so exquisite that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the Widow. "This woman," says he; "is of all others the most unintelligible; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is, that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses without fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior merit is such, that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem: I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her: how often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an opportunity of serving her? and how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being

15. Compare p. 90, ll. 9–12.

16. of all others. Criticise the grammar and the accuracy of this expression.

23. What is it in the Widow that so perplexes Sir Roger and the country squires?

obliged? Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal her confidante.

"Of all persons under the sun," continued he, calling me by my name, "be sure to set a mark upon confidantes; they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them is that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favorite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidante shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behavior of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer; and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in an hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidante. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that—"

Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we

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40 *ff.* Study this paragraph and see which parts of it are in the character of Sir Roger and which of the Spectator.

57. **whisperer.** Meaning, in this connection?

64. The good Knight has evidently thought long and hard on this subject.

heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, "What, not one smile?" We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the game. The Knight whispered me, "Hist, these are lovers." The huntsman looked earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream, "O thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature, whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied forever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with: but alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish —yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her than does her William: her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again.—Still do you hear me without one smile—it is too much to bear." He had no sooner spoke these words but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water; at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain and met her in an embrace. She, half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, "I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holiday." The huntsman, with a tenderness

70. **personated.** From what source is this use of the word derived? Compare its use on p. 97, l. 14.

72. His interest in the theme overcomes his usual delicacy.

88. **spoke.** Note the archaic form.

that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Don't, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake."

"Look you there," quoth Sir Roger, "do you see there, all mischief comes from confidantes! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father; I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty mischievous wench in the neighborhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse Widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself; however, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, 'Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her; whenever she is recalled to my imagination my youth returns and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better

120. Note Sir Roger's abrupt transitions. Cite other examples.
126, 127. **to . . . owing.** What is the usual order?

motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain. For I frequently find, that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh; however, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country, I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants; but has a glass hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I'd give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool."

T.

## XVIII. RURAL ETIQUETTE

[*No. 119, July 17, 1711.*]

*Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi*
*Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.*

VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, i. 20, 21.

THE first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behavior and good-breeding as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very

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137. **however.** What relation of ideas is indicated by the conjunction?

141. **them.** What is the antecedent?

6. See Traill's *Social England*, vol. iv, p. 599 *ff.*, for the customs and manners of the time.

great revolution that has happened in this article of good-breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behavior, are the height of good-breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good-breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world by his excess of good-breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as

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**33. but.** Substitute the word now used.

**34. are.** That is, the people of the town are.

**38. shall.** Note the use of the auxiliary. Compare similar uses in Shakspere. See Abbott's *Grammar* and Schmidt's *Lexicon*.

many bows in half an hour as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of justices' wives than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner till I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good-breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man, to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscene in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain, homely terms that are the most ob-

44. **take.** What is the antecedent of the subject *who*? Is this good grammar?

vious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise: for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good-breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good-breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon regard behavior and conversation, there is a third, which turns upon dress. In this, too, the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different

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82. What irony in this sentence?

100. See *The Spectator*, No. *98*, for an account of these edifices. See also Sydney's *England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. i, pp. 90–92.

parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post. L.

## XIX. THE COVERLEY POULTRY

[*No. 120, July 18, 1711.*]

*Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis*
*Ingenium.*

VIRGIL, *Georgics*, i. 451.

My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near an hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock my favorite, and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least

5. an hen. The Cockney's present freedom with the letter *h* seems to rest on good historical grounds. See note, p. 64.

11, speculations, 18, demonstrative, 34, nicer frame. What meaning has each of these words?

turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are lust and hunger. The first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich; others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be reason; for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it: as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favors bestowed are greater motives to love and tenderness than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear skeptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shows itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation or the

56. In what other place might this paragraph have been put?

continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation.

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigor of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the fore-mentioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species), considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or

common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner; she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays; she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, anything more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers is an immediate impression from the first Mover, and the Divine energy acting in the creatures. L.

## XX. SIR ROGER IN COURT

[*No. 122, July 20, 1711.*]

*Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.*
PUBLIUS SYRUS, *Fragments.*

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be

131–133. Does Addison establish his point or evade it?

4. But might not the world be right and the man wrong? Note the reservation implied in ll. 7–10.

a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old Knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges; in short, he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

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26. The Game Act of the time of James I, which allowed no one to shoot game who had an income of less than forty pounds per annum. If any did so, his guns, bows, crossbows, etc., might be taken from him as a malefactor by any one who had an income of one hundred pounds per annum. (Ashton.)

27–30. What is satirized in this sentence?

32. Why does Sir Roger mention that the yeoman shoots flying?

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments; he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him four-score pounds a year, but he has cast, and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but not-

41. **till.** Equivalent to *so long that.*

43, 44. **has cast and been cast.** Has won and lost.

65. **was sat.** Modernize this phrase. Compare the German idiom.

withstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old Knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge

94. In rustic communities lawyers and judges are still often regarded with considerable awe.

of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the Knight's family; and, to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the Knight's Head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the Knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and

118. Even after the ability to read became general, it remained the custom of innkeepers to use as signs paintings of some easily recognized object.

122. Did the innkeeper know the Knight's reason for desiring the alterations?

125 and 129. In what different senses is the word **discover** used in these lines?

stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied that much might be said on both sides.

These several adventures, with the Knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels. L.

## XXI. THE STORY OF AN HEIR

[*No. 123, July 21, 1711.*]

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam*
*Rectique cultus pectora roborant;*
*Utcunque defecere mores,*
*Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.*

HORACE, *Odes*, iv. 4, 33.

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-colored ruddy young man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother, that lives not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found by my friend's account of him that he

had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers who either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all oppor-

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34. **novel.** The novel as understood in Addison's time was our modern short story, of a somewhat romantic type, and with a love motive. Up to this time there had been produced in England nothing resembling the modern novel in style, content, and motive, except the stories of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* themselves.

tunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, "there is no dallying with life") they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighborhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife, in whom all his happiness was wrapt up, died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine considering how incapable

61. Cowley in his essay, *The Danger of Procrastination*, says, "But there is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty."

he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behavior of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of everything which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having fin-

ished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the inns of court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficients in the studies of the place who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honor and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him into the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to com-

municate to him; upon which the good man embraced him and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighborhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla, too, shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behavior of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education. L.

## XXII. SIR ROGER AND PARTY SPIRIT

[*No. 125, July 24, 1711.*]

*Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:*
*Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.*
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi. 832, 833.

MY worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a schoolboy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy Knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young Popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint! The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighborhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighborhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country

5. See Introduction, pp. 2–5 and 14.

than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says, very finely, "that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because," says he, "if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you." I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us, appear soured with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a

45. See Plutarch's essay *On the Usefulness of Enemies.*
54. Luke vi. 27-32.

manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interests would never have betrayed them.

If this party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often here a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive, scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story, that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary pos-

69. **principle.** Used in what sense? (Y)

tulatums of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and France by those who were for and against the league: but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honor and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."

105. "**Guelphs**, the papal and popular party in Italy in the middle ages; opposed to the **Ghibellines**, the imperial and aristocratic party." —Cent. Dict. A bitter antagonism existed between these two parties from 1140 to the end of the fifteenth century.

106. The **Catholic League**, founded in 1576 in order to protect the Roman Catholic Church against the advance of Protestantism.

For my own part I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association, for the support of one another against the endeavors of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear; on the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow-subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

## XXIII. PARTY SPIRIT—(*Continued*)

[*No. 126, July 25, 1711.*]

*Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.*
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, x. 108.

In my yesterday's paper I proposed that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the confusion of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner.

*We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do solemnly declare, that we do in our consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavors to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places; and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes.*

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavor to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage under color of the public good; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders, we should soon see that furious party spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an ac-

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32. Is there anything like this in our local or national politics?

42. A Greek historian of the first century A. D., born in Sicily. He wrote a *Historical Library* of forty books of which only a part remains.

count of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor in any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labors of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles; for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behavior of ordinary partisans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations I have endeavored, as much as I am able, to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve toward one another an outward show of good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humor fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockeys and

Tory foxhunters, not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the landed and the other to the moneyed interest. This humor is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the Knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the inn-keeper; and, provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and an hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into an house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party-humor. Being upon a bowling-green at a neighboring market-town the

106. Is this consistent with the generous and independent views of Sir Roger given in the preceding paper? Is such consistency necessary to the unity of a character sketch?

other day (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week), I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behavior than ordinary; but was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up, nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children. C.

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129. What does Will Wimble mean by a *fanatic?*

137. What was there in the recent history of England to inspire this fear?

## XXIV. SIR ROGER AND THE GYPSIES

[*No. 130, July 30, 1711.*]

*Semperque recentes*
*Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.*
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vii. 748.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gypsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop: but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it: they generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them;

4, 5. That is, his power as justice of the peace.
6. Why did he need his clerk?

and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gypsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them: the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me that if I would they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in a corner; that I was a good woman's man; with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life: upon which the Knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage;" and at the same time smiled upon me. The gypsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night: my old friend cried "Pish!" and bid her go on. The gypsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The Knight still

49, 50. This term is given in palmistry to the long line beginning at the base of the thumb.

repeated she was an idle baggage and bid her go on. "Ah, master," said the gypsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache: you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing ——." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humor, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. "As the *trekschuyt*, or hackney-boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in: which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he

found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon farther examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant, whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate: the father on the other hand was not a little delighted to see a son return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages." Here the printed story leaves off; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honor to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gypsy. C.

## XXV. THE SPECTATOR ENDS HIS VISIT

[*No. 131, July 31, 1711.*]

*Ipsæ rursum concedite silvæ.*
VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, x. 63.

IT is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbor. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply; besides that the sport is more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind; whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes,

15. Note the exquisite irony of this paragraph. Is Addison wholly tolerant of the tastes of the country gentlemen?

that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and, in town, to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighborhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various: some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and, some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighborhood is what they here call a "White Witch."

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbor a Jesuit in his house, and that he

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30. As capital of a diocese, Westminster became, under the English law, a city.

49. "According to popular belief, there were three classes of witches —white, black, and gray. The first helped, but could not hurt; the second the reverse; and the third did both. White spirits caused stolen goods to be restored; they charmed away diseases and did other beneficent acts; neither did a little harmless mischief lie wholly out of their way."

thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old Knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously, when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a Popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and holloa and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them, *that it is my way*, and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighborhood. A man that is out of humor when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chancecomer, that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others, without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of

solitude. In the meanwhile, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

"Dear Spec,—

"I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have, however, orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou will not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee don't send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the Knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother's son of us Commonwealth's men.

"Dear Spec,

"Thine eternally,

"Will Honeycomb." C.

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109, 110. Note the ambiguity from the loose use of pronouns.

## XXVI. THE SPECTATOR'S JOURNEY TO LONDON

[*No. 132, August 1, 1711.*]

*Qui, aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est . . . rationem non habet, . . . is ineptus esse dicitur.*

CICERO, *De Oratore*, ii. 4; 17.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain, in my hearing, what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, "Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); young Squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephraim, the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's." I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office, he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me.

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1. **notified to.** What is the modern idiom? Note the loose use of the participle, common in good English at this time.

9. In Addison's time the title Miss was applied only to girls (as to-day in milliners' and dressmakers' descriptions of garments), and Mrs. was applied to women, whether married or not.

13. The children of Ephraim "turned back in battle." See Psalm lxxviii. Hence the name for the Quakers.

The next morning at daybreak we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavor to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloak bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behavior of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity: and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting. The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. "In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast

32. **invidious.** Used in what sense here?

50. It is probable that Addison has selected an extreme type to satirize the impertinence of soldiers.

asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will wake this pleasant companion who has fallen asleep, to be the brideman, and" (giving the Quaker a clap on the knee) he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part, that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoreth of folly: thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee: to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

61. **smartness.** According to present usage, would this word not better describe the captain?

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with an happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time) cries, "Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humor, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behavior of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence.

The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What, therefore, Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behavior upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most

91. **smoky**: suspicious or quick-witted; ready to detect or frustrate attempted liberties. See the use of *smoke*, p. 186, l. 115.

unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend" (continued he, turning to the officer), "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: but be advised by a plain man: modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it." T.

## XXVII. SIR ROGER AND SIR ANDREW

[*No. 174, September 19, 1711.*]

*Hæc memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.*
VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, vii. 69.

THERE is scarce anything more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement: this was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the old Roman fable. It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety; and this is always the case of the landed and trading interests of Great Britain; the trader is fed by the prod-

2. **parties.** Note precisely the meaning of the word here.

4. Shakspere has used this fable in *Coriolanus*, Act I. scene i. It is first found in Livy.

uct of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader: and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing, that Carthaginian faith was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir Roger said it could hardly be otherwise: that the Carthaginians were the greatest traders in the world; and as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other: the means to it are never regarded; they will, if it comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by fraud, or cozenage: and indeed, what is the whole business of the trader's account, but to overreach him who trusts to his memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is forever fixed upon balancing his books, and watching over his expenses? And at best let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbors?

Captain Sentry observed Sir Andrew very diligent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust, way among men, of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbor to their own happiness; and on the other side, he, who is the less at his ease, repines at the other, who

36. **taking notice.** Meaning? Note the analogous use and derivation of *observe, remark, animadvert.*

he thinks has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature; the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honor; or, to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters, or the way in their respective motions.

"It is very well, good captain," interrupted Sir Andrew: "you may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must however have a word or two with Sir Roger, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the merchant. I shall not," continued he, "at this time remind Sir Roger of the great and noble monuments of charity and public spirit, which have been erected by merchants since the reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us, parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir Roger, to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of numbers, he would prefer our parsimony to his hospitality. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue; but it would be worth while to consider, whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir Roger's charge, are the men more obliged? I believe the families of the artificers will thank me more than the households of the peasants shall Sir Roger. Sir Roger gives to his men, but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders; the Romans were their professed enemies: I am only sorry no Car-

59. See Traill's *Social England*, iv, 608.

thaginian histories have come to our hands: we might have been taught perhaps by them some proverbs against the Roman generosity, in fighting for, and bestowing other people's goods. But since Sir Roger has taken occasion, from an old proverb, to be out of humor with merchants, it should be no offence to offer one not quite so old, in their defence. When a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him that 'he has not kept true accounts.' This phrase, perhaps, among us, would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact nation it bears the highest reproach. For a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expense, in his ability to answer future demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy, as with gayer nations to be failing in courage, or common honesty.

"Numbers are so much the measure of everything that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking, without them. I say this in answer to what Sir Roger is pleased to say, 'that little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his cash-book, or balancing his accounts.' When I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to a shilling, by the help of numbers, the profit or loss by my adventure; but I ought also to be able to show that I had reason for making it, either from my own experience or that of other people, or from a reasonable presumption that my returns will be sufficient to answer my expense and hazard; and this is never to be done without the skill of numbers. For instance, if I am to trade to Turkey, I ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as of their silks in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of these matters beforehand, that I

may presume upon sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and assurance out and home, the customs to the queen, and the interest of my own money, and besides all these expenses a reasonable profit to myself. Now what is there of scandal in this skill? What has the merchant done, that he should be so little in the good graces of Sir Roger? He throws down no man's enclosures, and tramples upon no man's corn; he takes nothing from the industrious laborer; he pays the poor man for his work; he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns, he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest nobleman; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his rents: and yet 't is certain that none of all these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

¶ "This is the economy of the merchant, and the conduct of the gentleman must be the same, unless by scorning to be the steward, he resolves the steward shall be the gentleman. The gentleman, no more than the merchant, is able, without the help of numbers, to account for the success of any action, or the prudence of any adventure. If, for instance, the chase is his whole adventure, his only returns must be the stag's horns in the great hall, or the fox's nose upon the stable door. Without doubt Sir Roger knows the full value of these returns: and if beforehand he had computed the charges of the chase, a gentleman of his discretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs: he would never have brought back so many fine horses to the kennel; he would never have gone so often, like a blast, over fields of corn. If such too had been the conduct of all his an-

cestors, he might truly have boasted at this day, that the antiquity of his family had never been sullied by a trade; a merchant had never been permitted with his whole estate to purchase a room for his picture in the gallery of the Coverleys, or to claim his descent from the maid of honor. But 't is very happy for Sir Roger that the merchant paid so dear for his ambition. 'T is the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the seats of their ancestors, to make way for such new masters as have been more exact in their accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the estate a great deal better who has got it by his industry, than he who has lost it by his negligence." T.

## XXVIII. THE CRIES OF LONDON

[*No. 251, December 18, 1711.*]

> . . . *Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,*
> *Ferrea vox. . . .*
>
> VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi. 625.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the Cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares, that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying anything further of it.

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151, 152. **the maid of honor.** See the chapter on the Coverley lineage.

2. A list of these cries is given in Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, ii, 155.

6. The warblers (literally, *warbling*) of the town.

"SIR,—

"I am a man of all business, and would willingly turn my head to anything for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burthening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack and a projector; so that despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

"The post I would aim at is to be Comptroller-general of the London Cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

"The cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with the twanking of a brass kettle or a frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds, as much as the breaking in of a thief. The sowgelder's horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose, that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed,

18. **crack** was a colloquialism, corresponding to our word "crank."

34. **freeman**: a member of one of the corporations, with certain privileges.

40. **liberties**. See the dictionary for this special meaning of the word.

after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her Majesty's liege subjects.

"Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and, indeed, so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above *ela*, and in sounds so exceeding shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest base, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small coal, not to mention broken glasses or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares; and to take care in particular that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the venders of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of 'Much cry, but little wool.'

"Some of these last mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived: but what was the effect of this contract? why, the whole tribe of card-matchmakers which frequent that quarter, passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

"It is another great imperfection in our London

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49. **ela**: that is, *la* or *a*.

64. **card-matches**. Travelers in New England, Canada, and Europe may still find in use these eighteenth century articles.

cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should, indeed, be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as 'fire:' yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit, under this head, those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

"There are others who affect a very slow time, and are, in my opinion, much more tunable than the former; the cooper, in particular, swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony: nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked, if they have any chairs to mend? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

"I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers; but, alas, this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would, therefore, be worth while, to consider whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

"It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well-regulated city, those humorists

are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs, and tunes of their own: such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man, commonly known by the name of the colly-molly-puff; and such as is at this day the vender of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder Watt.

"I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public; I mean that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words; insomuch, that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissors. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession; for who else can know that 'Work if I had it' should be the signification of a corn-cutter.

"Forasmuch, therefore, as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be very proper, that some man of good sense, and sound judgment, should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets, that have not tuneable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandises in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post: and if I meet with fit-

ting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public.

"I am, Sir, &c. RALPH CROTCHET."

C.

## XXIX. SIR ROGER COMES TO TOWN

[*No. 269, January 8, 1712.*]

*Ævo rarissima nostro*
*Simplicitas.*

OVID, *Ars Amatoria*, i. 241.

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that

14. **Prince Eugene**, of Savoy (1663–1736), a celebrated Austrian general. He co-operated with the Duke of Marlborough in successful campaigns against France and the Netherlands. He was at this time being enthusiastically received in England. See p. 172, ll. 106–110.

he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter, in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He

20. **Iskander** (Alexander) **Bey** (1403–1468), an Albanian commander noted for his successful resistance against the Turks.

43. See the dictionary for the value of the English mark.

added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the Knight brought from his country seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for the season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of the winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my

old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's Procession?"—but without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The Knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honor to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in *Baker's Chronicle*,

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88. The Test Act required all persons holding offices under the Crown to take the sacrament of the Church of England.

102. The effigy of the Pope was carried in procession, and afterward burned, on November 17, the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne.

113. *Chronicle of the Kings of England from the Time of the Romans' Government unto the Death of King James*, by Sir Richard Baker; characterized as "a dry and jejune performance."

and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honor of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the Knight's reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humor, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, till the Knight had got all his conveniences about him. L.

## XXX. SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

[*No. 329, March 18, 1712.*]

*Ire tamen restat, Numa quò devenit, et Ancus.*
HORACE, *Epistles*, I. v. 27.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me,

116. Note the loose use of the participle.
126. The *Supplement* was the later or special edition of the newspaper.
2. *The Spectator*, No. *26*.

not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon *Baker's Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the Knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a dram of it at the same time with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of goodwill. Sir Roger told me, further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection; and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic. When of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's

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17. Herb teas, known as "waters," with spirits as their base, were in common use.

26. Criticise the division into paragraphs.

33. The great plague of Dantzic, in 1709.

water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the county; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the Knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "And truly," says Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked: as I was considering what this would end in, he bade him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the

46. **engaged.** In what sense?

65. **Sir Cloudesley Shovel** (1650–1707), an English admiral, drowned in the wreck of his ships off the Scilly Isles. He is referred to in No. *26* of *The Spectator*.

67. **Richard Busby** (1606–1695), a famous English teacher, head master of Westminster school from 1640 until his death.

Knight uttered himself again after the same manner,—"Dr. Busby—a great man! he whipped my grandfather —a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead—a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the Knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*."

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honor would pay his forfeit. I

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72. The chapel of St. Edmund.

78. **Cecil**, Lord Burleigh, of the time of Elizabeth.

79. The figure of Elizabeth Russell. The story is one of the traditions that get credence through repetition.

90. **Jacob's Pillar**: the name of the stone on which the Scottish kings were crowned. It was brought to England in 1297 by Edward I after his conquest of Scotland. See *Macbeth* for a reference to Scone as the place of coronation.

could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the Knight soon recovered his good humor, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil, and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head and told us there was fine reading in the casualties in that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger: "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the Knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our Knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

110. **the evil.** Scrofula was called the "king's evil," from the belief that it could be cured by the royal touch. The superstition was still held by Queen Anne. Compare *Macbeth*, Act IV, scene iii.

115. The king was Henry V. The head had been of solid silver. The fanatical Puritans had despoiled many of England's artistic treasures, though inspired by misguided zeal rather than by avarice.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure. L.

## XXXI. SIR ROGER UPON BEARDS

[*No. 331, March 20, 1712.*]

*Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.*
PERSIUS, *Satires*, ii. 28.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it; when, after some time, he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? "For my part," says he, "when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smockfaced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have

132. **interpreter.** Used in what sense?

136. **lodgings.** The author has forgotten Sir Roger's town house and put him into lodgings in a less fashionable quarter. See No. 2, pp. 41, 42.

them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings." The Knight added, "if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavor to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that, upon a month's warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers."

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but, after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphosis our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavored to rival one another in beard; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of Zoilus, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this Zoilus had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere, that one of the popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works, which were presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not

31. Zoilus: a Greek rhetorician of the fourth century B. C. Ælian: Ælianus Claudius was a Roman rhetorician of the second century A. D.

then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of later years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beard, that they seem to have fixed the point of honor principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don Quevedo, in his third vision on the last judgment, has carried the humor very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons, before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns under different shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in Queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal Pole and Bishop Gardiner; though, at the same time, I think it may be questioned, if zeal against popery has not induced our Protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King James the First.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in

54. **Quevedo** (1580–1645): a Spanish satirist, humorist, and novelist.

silence: I mean that of the redoubted Hudibras, an account of which Butler has transmitted to posterity in the following lines:

> His tawny beard was th' equal grace
> Both of his wisdom and his face;
> In cut and dye so like a tile,
> A sudden view it would beguile;
> The upper part thereof was whey,
> The nether orange mixt with gray.

The whisker continued for some time among us after the expiration of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the mustachoe.

If my friend Sir Roger's project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colors and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard, of the tapestry size Sir Roger seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of Æsculapius would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I see no reason why we should not suppose that they would have their riding-beards on the same occasion. X.

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80. Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*, issued 1663-1678, was a famous satire on the Puritans.

101. **Æsculapius** was known as "the father of medicine." See a classical or mythological dictionary.

## XXXII. SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY

[*No. 335, March 25, 1712.*]

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo*
*Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.*
HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, 327, 328.

My friend, Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the Club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me, at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was the 'Committee,' which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was, and, upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy, he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought

5. *The Committee, or The Faithful Irishman*, by Sir Robert Howard. It satirized the Puritans, hence called by Sir Roger's advisers "a good Church of England comedy."

9. Addison's friend Ambrose Phillips had translated and adapted to the English stage Racine's *Andromaque* under the title *The Distressed Mother*. It was this tragedy which Sir Roger had come to see.

14. **Mohocks.** "It was a favorite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women. Several dynasties of these rude tyrants had since the Reformation domineered over the streets. . . . The machinery for keeping the peace was utterly contemptible." Macaulay, *History of England*, chapter iii. There is an interesting account of the Mohocks and their kind in chapter xxxvii of Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*. See also *The Spectator*, Nos. *324*, *332*, and *347*.

I had fallen into their hands last night, for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the Knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me, for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design; for, as I am an old foxhunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the Knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the

43. **Steenkirk** is a small town in Belgium, near which, on August 3, 1692, the French defeated William III of England and the al[illegible]

rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seemed pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the Knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, Sir, what 't is to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, Sir, are the most perverse crea-

52. pit. See Introduction, p. 11.

76. Note the old form of the possessive case.

tures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: "Well," says the Knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain

82. The Spectator, in his critical papers on Milton and the drama, had already made himself seem to Sir Roger a tribunal of literary art; hence Sir Roger's appeal to him. See Nos. *40*, *44*, *267*, *273*, *279*, *285*, and other papers following at intervals of six. See note, p. 189.

Sentry seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man. L.

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115. **smoke.** To chaff, or poke fun at.

121. See Aristotle's *Poetics*, xiv, 1 and 2, for a justification of Sir Roger's taste.

## XXXIII. WILL HONEYCOMB'S ADVENTURES

[*No. 359, April 22, 1712.*]

*Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;*
*Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.*

VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, ii. 63, 64.

As we were at the Club last night, I observed that my friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, "A foolish woman! I can't believe it." Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the Widow. My old friend started, and recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the county, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the Widow. "However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the bargain."

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh; "I thought, Knight," says he, "thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female

world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known." Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty" (though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore). "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a foxhunter in the neighborhood.

"I made my next applications to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

"A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family: I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in con-

fusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

"I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behavior. Her maid, indeed, told me one day that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughters' consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

"I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colors, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by an hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:—

> Oh! why did God,
> Creator wise, that peopled highest heav'n
> With spirits masculine, create at last
> This novelty on earth, this fair defect

88. Addison was at this time publishing in the Saturday issues of *The Spectator* a series of detailed comments and criticisms on Milton's *Paradise Lost*. He had just discussed Book x. See note, p. 185.

Of Nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake:
Or, whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the Knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed. X.

## XXXIV. SIR ROGER AT VAUXHALL

[*No. 383, May 20, 1712.*]

*Criminibus debent Hortos.*

JUVENAL, *Satires*, i. 75.

As I was sitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next "Spectator," I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good

112. *Paradise Lost*, x, 888-908.

friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him, being mightly pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vauxhall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right

9. **Spring Garden**, or **Vauxhall**, was a somewhat gaudy and pretentious place where the gentry and the middle class came for recreation. For an account of it see Sydney's *England in the Eighteenth Century*, ii, 131, or Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, or Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, See Introduction, p. 9.

20. A landing on the Thames near the Temple.

leg, and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the Knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world: with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old Knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great Metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger; "there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow!"

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbors, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the

38. The English and Dutch fleets had defeated the French at **La Hogue**, on the northwest coast of France, May 19, 1692.

55. Ashton's *Social Life*, chapter xxxii, contains an account of the state of the Church and religion at this time.

water; but to the Knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility asked us, what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us that if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sang upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the Knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the Widow by the music of the nightingales!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her. But the Knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the Widow, told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called a waiter to him, and bid

him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets. I.

## XXXV. DEATH OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

[*No. 517, October 23, 1712.*]

*Heu Pietas! heu prisca Fides!*

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi. 878.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the County-Sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own pen-

1. Budgell, in 1733, quoted Addison as having said, "I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him." This resolution accounts for the present paper. "Steele had by this date resolved on bringing his *Spectator* to a close, and Addison's paper on the death of Sir Roger, the first of several which are to dispose of all the Spectator's Club and break up the Club itself, was the first clear warning to the public that he had such an intention." Morley. See Nos. *530*, *544*, and *549*.

10. **address.** A formal letter or petition to a court.

ning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig-Justice of Peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the Knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"HONOURED SIR,

"Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him

24. **you was.** "Not necessarily to be referred to the butler's ignorance of good English, for the locution was common enough among well-educated men at this time."

29–32. Compare l. 11.

from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our days. He has bequeath'd a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverly Church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverly's, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the Quorum: The whole parish follow'd the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-House, and the whole estate. When

my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'T was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

"Honoured sir,

"Your most sorrowful servant,

"EDWARD BISCUIT.

"P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry

at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, that the Knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the Club.

O.

# NOTES

Page 35, l. 6.

Is this true? Or is one interested in the man because of one's interest in his work? De Quincey, in his *Notes on Walter Savage Landor*, paragraph 1, discusses this passage: "It happens that there really *is* a propensity in all of us very like what Addison describes, very different, and yet after one correction the very same. No reader cares about an author's person *before* reading his book: it is *after* reading it, and supposing the book to reveal something of the writer's moral nature as modifying his intellect—it is for his fun, his fancy, his sadness, possibly his craziness—that any reader cares about seeing the author in person. Afflicted with the very satyriasis of curiosity, no man ever wished to see the author of a *Ready Reckoner*, or of the *Agistment Tithe*, or of the *Present Deplorable Dry Rot in Potatoes*."

"Is it a love of knowledge or of gossip that renders these private concerns so interesting to us? . . . The concern of the biographer should be with the mind, and not with the body of his victim." Lowell's *Essay on Chapman* in *The Old English Dramatists*.

Has Addison departed from the principles of good taste as suggested by Lowell? Or has he ironically assumed a lower taste in his readers?

No. *1*, pp. 35–40.

Note the graceful way in which here and elsewhere in this paper Addison manages the necessary advertising of *The Spectator*. Where does he state the purpose of the paper? What various means has he used to arouse an interest in it and to obtain for it a friendly reception?

Note the mixture of the humorous and the serious in his account of himself. How is his point of view sustained throughout?

No. *2*, pp. 41–48.

What types of character are introduced into the Club? Why this selection? See No. *34*. What general resemblance does the Club bear

to the Spectator himself? Which member is an exception? Which characters stand out most clearly? Why? What types of men and manners are satirized? Cite passages. In what spirit is the satire?

No. *6*, pp. 48–52.

What is the main idea of this paper? How is it developed? How does this paper contribute to the general purpose of the series? Does the way of putting things seem more like Sir Roger's or the Spectator's? Compare Nos. *125*, *329*, and *335*.

No. *34*, pp. 53–57.

What is Addison's idea of legitimate satire? Is this theory consistent with the identification of any of the characters of the Club? What, in general, was the kind of satire in vogue at this time? See Pope's *Dunciad* and *Essay on Criticism*, Butler's *Hudibras*, Dryden's *MacFlecknoe*, *Hind and Panther*, and *Essay on Satire*, and Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*. Is there any essential difference in the satire of Addison?

No. *37*, pp. 58–63.

In what various ways does Addison satirize Leonora's literary tastes and ability? Which books are evidently for her perusal and which for display? How is her literary taste reflected in her life? Which bits of satire do you think likely to have proved most efficacious? Are any of them slightly malicious?

No. *106*, pp. 63–68.

What side of the Knight's character is here developed? What qualities does he display? How does his home reflect his own character? What things in the paper seem to indicate that Addison is giving us here a type of the country gentleman? Is Sir Roger made to suffer in our eyes by his eccentricities? Is there any sting in the humor of this paper, or is it kindly throughout?

No. *107*, pp. 68–72.

What ideals of the country gentleman are presented in this paper? Note how simple things are so treated as not to seem commonplace. What inconsistency is there between this paper and the preceding? How do you account for it? Sum up, in one sentence, the impressions of Sir Roger and his household which this paper conveys.

No. *108*, pp. 72–76.

What, in general terms, is the folly that Addison satirizes in this paper? Compare Steele's *Tatler*, No. *256*, for the first conception of the

character of Will Wimble. At what point in the paper does Addison drop satire and talk seriously? In which of the preceding papers does he do the same thing? Should you infer that the ideal presented by him here is already in general favor or held only by a few?

Page 77, l. 32.

"When Henry VIII drained the site of St. James's Park he formed, close to the palace of Whitehall, a large tilt-yard for noblemen and others to exercise themselves in jousting, tourneying, and fighting at the barriers. Houses afterward were built on its ground, and one of them became Jenny Man's 'Tilt Yard Coffee House.' The Paymaster General's office now stands on the site of it." Morley's note.

No. *109*, pp. 76–81.

What good examples of Steele's humor does this paper afford? In what way does it fall in with the general purpose of the series? See Introduction and No. *34*. What evidences are given of the wealth and importance of the family of Sir Roger? In what respect is his character, as first delineated by Steele in the account of the Club, here maintained?

Page 84, l. 112.

Quæ, quasi membranæ summo de corpore rerum
Dereptæ, volitant ultroque citroque per auras,
Atque eadem nobis vigilantibus obvia mentes
Terrificant, atque in somnis, cum sæpe figuras
Contuimur miras, simulacroque luce carentum,
Quæ nos horrifice languentes sæpe sopore
Excierunt. *De Rerum Natura*, iv. 31–37.

No. *110*, pp. 81–85.

What is Addison's aim in this paper? Does he himself seem to be quite liberated from the superstitions of his time? What is his attitude toward authority? Is his ground of belief reasonable? Is it scientific?

No. *112*, pp. 86–89.

What things in Addison's life account for or give evidence of his religious attitude of mind? See also his version of the Nineteenth Psalm and other hymns, and *Spectator* Nos. *186*, *531*, *565*, and *574*. In what light does this paper show Sir Roger? Are his good qualities or his failings made more prominent? Note the effective way in which the parishioners furnish both likeness and contrast to Sir Roger. What do you consider the main purpose of the paper? What folly is satirized,

and what good ideals are upheld? What elements do you find in this paper to account for its fame? What elements in it are ideal and of universal interest?

No. *113*, pp. 89–95.

What instances of "mental irregularity" does the Knight fall into? Point out here his mixture of sound sense and eccentricity. Why had he failed in his suit to the Widow? In what did she have the advantage? What ideals and limitations of the country gentleman of the time are here given? Compare p. 66. Has the English country gentleman of the present time the same limitations? See Macaulay's *History of England*, chapter iii. Note the delicacy and skill with which Steele makes us continue to like and respect Sir Roger even while we laugh at his weaknesses; how is it done? How long is it since Sir Roger began his wooing? Does he speak of the Widow as old and bereft of her charms, or does she still seem young to him? See Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* and Traill's *Social England* for accounts of the state of education in rural England in the eighteenth century.

No. *115*, pp. 100–104.

Do you find this paper less or more pleasing than those that precede it? What things in it do you most like? How does it differ, in general, from the preceding papers?

No. *116*, pp. 104–110.

Has the author of this paper preserved well the characters of Sir Roger and the Spectator? Note the excellent description of the hunt; what things make it good? Does this paper in any sense correspond to the general aim of the series as given in No. *34*?

Page 111, l. 16.

The Salem witchcraft craze in New England had broken out only a score of years before this time. The last sentence of death for witchcraft in England was in 1712, though the victim was afterward pardoned. Observe whether Addison is much in advance of his time. Lecky, in his *History of Rationalism*, shows that men came to disbelieve in witchcraft not so much because of any doubt of the testimony in suppport of it as because of their perception of the absurdity of such belief. See Morley's very interesting note on the sort of evidence accepted in trials for witchcraft, and Lecky's *History of Rationalism*, chapter i.

No. *117*, pp. 110–114.

Is this a plea for liberality of thought or charity of judgment? Upon what sort of reasonings were the charges of witchcraft based? Note the unconscious humor in the Spectator's smiling at a mental weakness in Sir Roger that differs but little from his own.

No. *118*, pp. 114–119.

How does Steele here develop certain qualities of Sir Roger which he indicated in the first portrayal of him? Note the Knight's habit of interpreting what he sees in the light of his own peculiar experiences. See this trait again in No. *335*. Observe, also, his easy manner of reaching conclusions. Which speeches of the lovers seem natural in style, and which artificial?

Page 120, l. 36.

Owing to the badness of the roads and the danger from highwaymen, the difficulty of communication between town and country was very great. The wealthier classes were just beginning the custom of dividing their time between town and country. Traill, *Social England*, vol. iv, p. 603, says: "The main roads alone were passable in winter." Sydney, *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, ii, 5, says: "A journey any little distance from home was a serious undertaking, so serious, indeed, that it often meant the inditing of a last will and testament before it was undertaken." See also Macaulay's *History of England*, chap. iii.

No. *119*, pp. 119–123.

What things are satirized? Why does Addison not enter into the reasons for the difference between town and country? What should you say in general terms is the purpose of this paper?

No. *120*, pp. 123–129.

Note the speculative character of this paper. See Introduction, p. 20. Would this paper fall under Dr. Johnson's often-quoted criticism of Addison, that he "thinks justly, but he thinks faintly"? Would the nature and purpose of *The Spectator* have made it a suitable vehicle for profound speculations?

(No. *121* continues the Spectator's somewhat random speculations upon natural history as evidence of a designing Providence. It is omitted from this edition as contributing little to the general themes or purpose of the series.)

No. *122*, pp. 127–132.

Why has the Spectator had so "pleasant a day"? In what various lights is Sir Roger shown? Does Addison here deal with the character less kindly than usual? What features of this paper are like the modern novel?

No. *125*, pp. 138–142.

Is the party prejudice which Addison so much deplores essentially different in kind from that existing to-day? Is it different in degree? Are the unfair judgments and dishonest actions a thing of the past? Does Addison make clear the conditions and causes of the party feeling of his time? Or does he take for granted that this is a matter of general knowledge?

No. *126*, pp. 142–146.

State in brief and plain terms the meaning of the second paragraph. How does Addison make it appear that the prejudices of party are deep and far-reaching?

No. *130*, pp. 147–150.

Note the humor and skill with which the whole interview with the gypsies, and its consequence to Sir Roger's pocket, is given. Compare it with Sir Roger's account of them in the first paragraph.

No. *131*, pp. 151–154.

Does the opening paragraph of this paper serve as a good introduction? What different applications are made of the principle it contains? Why did the country people not understand the Spectator? Why did he grow uncomfortable? Does he give a correct idea of the attitude of people living in remote districts? What things in these papers show that Addison was much more a man of the town than of the country?

No. *132*, pp. 155–159.

Note how the Spectator makes use of all sorts of situations as well as all sorts of characters, follies, and foibles for materials for his papers. An interesting set of scraps from his notebook is published in No. *46*. It will repay the reading. What makes the cleverness of the Quaker's rebuke and of his parting injunction?

No. *174*, pp. 159–164.

In what sense is this paper a development of the ideas of No. *108*? Note the clear presentation of the ideals of the two great classes: state

them briefly and directly. It would be interesting to have Sir Roger's reply to Sir Andrew. What would he probably have said? Is there anything incongruous in the fact that this paper was written by Steele? See Introduction, p. 33. More of Sir Andrew's interesting ideas on this subject are given in No. *232*.

No. *251*, pp. 164–169.

That this whimsical paper was inspired by real grievances no dweller in cities can doubt. Pick out the suggestions which you think the Spectator intended seriously.

No. *269*, pp. 169–173.

In what way does this paper reflect many of the earlier numbers of the series? What particular traits of each character are here reproduced?

No. *329*, pp. 173–178.

Compare this paper with No. *26*, and with Irving's essay on Westminster Abbey in the *Sketch-Book*, and note by what methods Sir Roger's limitations have been shown.

No. *331*, pp. 178–181.

How much of this paper is intended for mere diversion? Is any part of it, apparently, intended to be taken seriously?

No. *335*, pp. 182–186.

Wherein does Sir Roger at the play resemble Sir Roger in Westminster? Why is his ignorance of the drama condoned? Note the skill with which his character is presented from different points of view.

No. *359*, pp. 187–190.

Note the incongruity between Will Honeycomb's attitude of authority and his success in "his particular province." In No. *530* Will settles down in the country as the husband of the daughter of one of his former tenants. What, in general, is the Spectator's reason for including him in the Club?

Page 197, l. 101.

Steele in *The Spectator*, No. *544*, makes a final *résumé* of the character of Sir Roger in a letter from Captain Sentry to the Spectator: "I am come to the succession of the estate of my honored kinsman, Sir Roger de Coverley; and I assure you I find it no easy task to keep up the figure

of master of the fortune which was so handsomely enjoyed by that honest plain man. I cannot (with respect to the great obligations I have, be it spoken) reflect upon his character, but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the club, to wit, that a man of a warm and well-disposed heart with a very small capacity, is highly superior in human society to him who with the greatest talents, is cold and languid in his affections. But alas! why do I make a difficulty in speaking of my worthy ancestor's failings? His little absurdities and incapacity for the conversation of the politest men are dead with him, and his greater qualities are even now useful to him. I know not whether by naming those disabilities I do not enhance his merit, since he has left behind him a reputation in his country which would be worth the pains of the wisest man's whole life to arrive at."

# APPENDIX I

## TRANSLATIONS OF THE MOTTOES

THE following translations of the mottoes are taken from Henry Morley's edition of *The Spectator*.

No. 1. *Hor. Ars Poet., v. 143.*

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.

ROSCOMMON.

No. 2. *Juv. Sat. VII. 167.*

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

No. 6. *Juv. Sat. XIII. 54.*

'Twas impious then (so much was age revered)
For youth to keep their seats when an old man appeared.

No. 34. *Juv. Sat. XV. 159.*

From spotted skins the leopard does refrain.

TATE.

No. 37. *Virg. Æn., VII. 805.*

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskilled.

DRYDEN.

No. 106. *Hor. I. Od., XVII. 14.*

Here plenty's liberal horn shall pour
Of fruits for thee a copious show'r,
Rich honors of the quiet plain.

No. 107. *Phæd. Epilog., 2.*

The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal, to show that the way to honor lies open indifferently to all.

No. 108. *Phæd. Fab., V. 2.*

Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing.

No. 109. *Hor. II. Sat., II. 3.*
Of plain good sense, untutor'd in the schools.

No. 110. *Virg. Æn., II. 755.*
All things are full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.
DRYDEN.

No. 112. *Pythag.*
First, in obedience to thy country's rites
Worship th' immortal gods.

No. 113. *Virg. Æn., IV. 4.*
Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.

No. 114. *Hor. I. Ep., XVIII. 24.*
The dread of nothing more
Than to be thought necessitous and poor.
POOLY.

No. 115. *Juv. Sat. X. 356.*
Pray for a sound mind in a sound body.

No. 116. *Virg. Georg. III. 43.*
The echoing hills and chiding hounds invite.

No. 117. *Virg. Ecl. VIII. 108.*
With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds.

No. 118. *Virg. Æn., IV. 73.*
The fatal dart
Sticks in his side, and rankles in his heart.
DRYDEN.

No. 119. *Virg. Ecl. I. 20.*
The city men call Rome, unskillful clown,
I thought resembled this our humble town.
WARTON.

No. 120. *Virg. Georg. I. 415.*
I deem their breasts inspired
With a divine sagacity.

No. 122. *Pub. Syr. Frag.*
An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach.

No. 123. *Hor. IV. Od., IV. 33.*
Yet the best blood by learning is refined,
And virtue arms the solid mind;
Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,
And the paternal stamp efface.
OLDISWORTH.

No. 125. *Virg. Æn., VI. 832.*

This thirst of kindred blood, my sons, detest,
Nor turn your force against your country's breast.

DRYDEN.

No. 126. *Virg. Æn., X. 108.*

Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me.

DRYDEN.

No. 130. *Virg. Æn., VII. 748.*

A plundering race, still eager to invade,
On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade.

No. 131. *Virg. Ecl. X. 63.*

Once more, ye woods, adieu.

No. 132. *Cicero.*

That man may be called impertinent, who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

No. 174. *Virg. Ecl. VII. 69.*

The whole debate in memory I retain,
When Thyrsis argued warmly, but in vain.

No. 251. *Virg. Æn., VI. 625.*

A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues
And throats of brass inspired with iron lungs.

DRYDEN.

No. 269. *Ovid, Ars Am., I. 241.*

Most rare is now our old simplicity.

DRYDEN.

No. 329. *Hor. I. Ep., VI. 27.*

With Ancus, and with Numa, Kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb.

No. 331. *Pers. Sat. II. 28.*

Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.

No. 335. *Hor. Ars Poet., 327.*

Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.

FRANCIS.

No. 359. *Virg. Ecl. II. 63.*

Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,
The kids sweet thyme,—and still I follow you.

WARTON.

No. 383. *Juv. Sat. I. 75.*
A beauteous garden, but by vice maintain'd.

No. 517. *Virg. Æn., VI. 878.*
Mirror of ancient faith!
Undaunted worth! Inviolable truth!

DRYDEN.

# APPENDIX II

## COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION QUESTIONS

THE following are examples of questions set by the colleges at college entrance examinations. For additional questions see some of the other texts in the "Twentieth Century" series.

Describe Sir Roger de Coverley as portrayed by Addison. [Brown, June '95.]

Name the members of the Spectator Club; describe three of them. [Cornell, June '95.]

Write a paragraph or two on . . . 1. Who was Addison's co-worker during most of his literary career? [New York, Sept. '96.]

Give from the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers* an account of "Sir Roger and party spirit." [University of the State of New York, March '97.]

Write at least two paragraphs on . . . *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers:* Country Manners. [Columbia, June '97.]

(*a*) Characterize Addison's style. (*b*) Describe his *Sir Roger de Coverley* as to form and contents. [Minnesota High School Board, '97.]

Write on *one* of the following topics from Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers:* (*a*) Sir Roger at home, (*b*) Sir Roger at church, (*c*) Sir Roger in London, (*d*) Sir Roger at the play. [University of the State of New York, June '97.]

Give from the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers* an account of "A Sunday at Sir Roger's." [University of the State of New York, Jan. '98.]

Write a short composition on . . . Topic I. The character of Sir Roger de Coverley. [Chicago, March '98.]

What was the purpose of *The Spectator?* Did it accomplish this purpose? [Leland Stanford, May '98.]

Describe very briefly the members of the Spectator Club. [Leland Stanford, May '98.]

Topic: Sir Roger at Spring garden. [University of the State of New York, June '98.]

Write a composition of not less than three hundred words on . . . 1. Sir Roger de Coverley. [Pennsylvania, June '98.]

Write a composition of not less than three hundred words on . . . Sir Roger de Coverley and His Friends. [Pennsylvania, Sept. '98.]

What has made Sir Roger de Coverley an enduring figure in literature? [Vassar, Sept. '98.]

Give your reasons for liking or not liking the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*. (*The House of the Seven Gables* may be substituted.) [Illinois State University, '97.]

## AMHERST COLLEGE

### ENTRANCE EXAMINATION IN ENGLISH

**June 24, 1898**

*No candidate will be accepted in English whose work is notably deficient in point of spelling, punctuation, idiom or division into paragraphs.*

I

State in a letter, addressed to the President of Amherst College, what work you have done in English. In this letter state (1) the school at which you were prepared, (2) the time given to English studies, (3) the text-books used, (4) the methods of instruction, (5) your interest in any or all of these methods. (6) some of the books in English literature which you have read or studied outside of the school requirements, (7) your appreciation of any of these books.

II

Write a composition of two or more paragraphs on each of three topics taken from the list below:

1. Sir Launfal's search for the Holy Grail.
2. The descriptions of Nature in "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and their purpose in the poem.
3. The Spectator's account of himself.
4. Sir Roger de Coverley.
5. A Sunday at Sir Roger's.
6. Will Wimble.

7. The sin of the Ancient Mariner.
8. The character of Milton's Satan.
9. The debate in Hell.
10. The merits of Burns's poetry.
11. Your favorite among the books read for this examination, with reasons for your choice.
12. A brief sketch of the life of Milton or Lowell.

III

"MACBETH"

1. State the main facts in the life of Shakspere.
2. Give briefly the plot of the play.
3. Compare Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.
4. What is the dramatic purpose of the knocking at the gate?
5. By whom and under what circumstances is the following spoken?

> Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
> The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
> Unless the deed go with it.

6. Punctuate and explain:

> If it were done when 'tis done then 't were well
> It were done quickly if the assassination
> Could trammel up the consequence and catch
> With his surcease success

7. Explain the italicized words in
   (a) You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
   With most *admired* disorder.
   (b) And with some sweet *oblivious* antidote.
   (c) Come, fate, into the *list*,
   And *champion* me to the *utterance*.

## UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

### ENTRANCE EXAMINATION IN ENGLISH

**August, 1898**

SUBJECT I

1. Write out in proper form the passage dictated by the examiner. [The three Spenserian stanzas, introducing Canto I, Lady of the Lake.]

Referring to your copy, answer the following:

(a) Assign the passage to its poem and place, and give it an appropriate designation or title.

(b) State in plain and direct terms the poet's drift and meaning in the passage; that is, its essential thought.

(c) Comment on the manner in which the essential thought is poetically expressed.

(d) Give in full the grammatical construction of *mouldering* (l. 1), *smile* (l. 9), *proud* (l. 13), *deed* (l. 18), *hand* (l. 19). What is the force of the comparative in line 8?

2. Broadly compare and contrast the true presentations of character found in Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley and Macaulay's Warren Hastings. Touch upon the following points: (1) The personalities presented. (2) The general method and form. (3) Nature of the interest aroused in you.

3. Distinguish between myths, fables, allegories, and legends. Refer to a well-known example of each.

## JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

### MATRICULATION EXAMINATION IN ENGLISH

**Part I.—June 14, 1899, 11 a. m.–12 m.**

Write, with due attention to the form of your work, short essays upon any three of the following subjects:—

1. The Meeting of Hector and Andromache.
2. The Visit of Priam, and his Plea to Achilles.
3. Sir Roger and the Widow.
4. Sir Roger and the Saracen's Head.
5. George Primrose's Adventures on the Continent.
6. Mr. Burchell proves a true Friend.
7. Kichinskoi, Russian Commissioner to the Kalmucks.
8. The Escape of Weseloff and his three Companions.
9. The Attack upon the Island Fortress.
10. The Fate of Cora Munro.
11. Judge Pyncheon.
12. The Flight of Clifford and Hepzibah Pyncheon.

**Part II.—June 14, 1899, 12 m.–1 p. m.**

A.—1. At what point in the action does *Paradise Lost* open? Compare with other epic poems with which you are familiar.

2. What course of action does Beelzebub advise in his speech in the council of the fallen angels?

3. Interpret the following passage:—

"A multitude, like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands."

In place of this question you may, if you prefer to do so, write out from memory ten or a dozen lines from any part of *Paradise Lost*.

B.—1. Upon what part of Burns's poetry does Carlyle believe that his "influence as an author will ultimately be found to depend"?

2. "And what, then, had these men [Locke, Milton, Cervantes], which Burns wanted? Two things; both which, it seems to us, are indispensable for such men."

How does Carlyle explain the failure,—or partial failure,—of Burns?

3. What features in the style of Carlyle have impressed you in your reading of his *Essay on Burns*?

## THE LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

### ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS

**May, 1899**

#### 1. English Composition

I

Write *one* or *two* pages (no more) on *one* of the following subjects:

1. Did Portia hint to Bassanio in which casket her portrait was?

2. The contrast between the speeches of Brutus and Cassius to the Roman populace.

3. An experiment in a laboratory.

II

Write one or two pages on *one* of the following subjects:

1. Orpheus' Visit to the Lower World.

2. Oedipus and the Sphinx.

3. Sir Roger de Coverley at Church.
4. How Tam O'Shanter escaped from the Witches.
5. The Expulsion of the French from Acadia.

III

Write a very brief letter to a former teacher, telling him that you have come to Stanford, and shall be glad to receive a letter from him.

IV

Write a theme from five to ten pages in length on one of the following subjects:

1. The probability of a year of prosperity in California.
2. The prospect of peace in the Philippines.
3. The story of the Ancient Mariner.
4. The story of an event in your school life.

## VASSAR COLLEGE

### ENTRANCE EXAMINATION, JUNE, 1898

ENGLISH

Each candidate is expected to spend about half the examination period in discussing any one of the following questions, and the remainder of the time in answering four others clearly but briefly —if necessary by a single sentence. Not more than three of all the questions answered may be taken from either section. Judgment on the paper will be based largely on accuracy and correctness of expression.

I

1. Illustrate by quotation Milton's "distinction of style."
2. How do Pope's character and the age for which he wrote affect his translation of *The Iliad*?
3. Write a letter purporting to be written by "the widow" to a friend on hearing of Sir Roger's decease, and characterizing her suitor.
4. What was the aim and what the effect of *The Spectator*?
5. What traits of the author might we infer from *The Vicar of Wakefield*?
6. How does Coleridge make his supernatural incidents plausible?

7. What is Carlyle's estimate of Burns's character? Of his poetry?

8. How does *The House of the Seven Gables* show Hawthorne's inheritance from Puritanism?

II

1. Does Macbeth's instigation to crime come from within or from without? On what do you base your opinion?

2. Give Burke's summary of the causes which produced the "fierce spirit of liberty" in America.

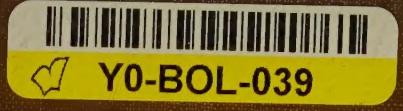
3. Show how De Quincey treats his story to bring out its dramatic capabilities.

4. What do you learn in *The Princess* of Tennyson's (*a*) diction, (*b*) choice of figures, (*c*) methods of character description?

5. Compare Lady Macbeth, Andromache and the Princess as types of womanhood in their several periods.

(20)

THE END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